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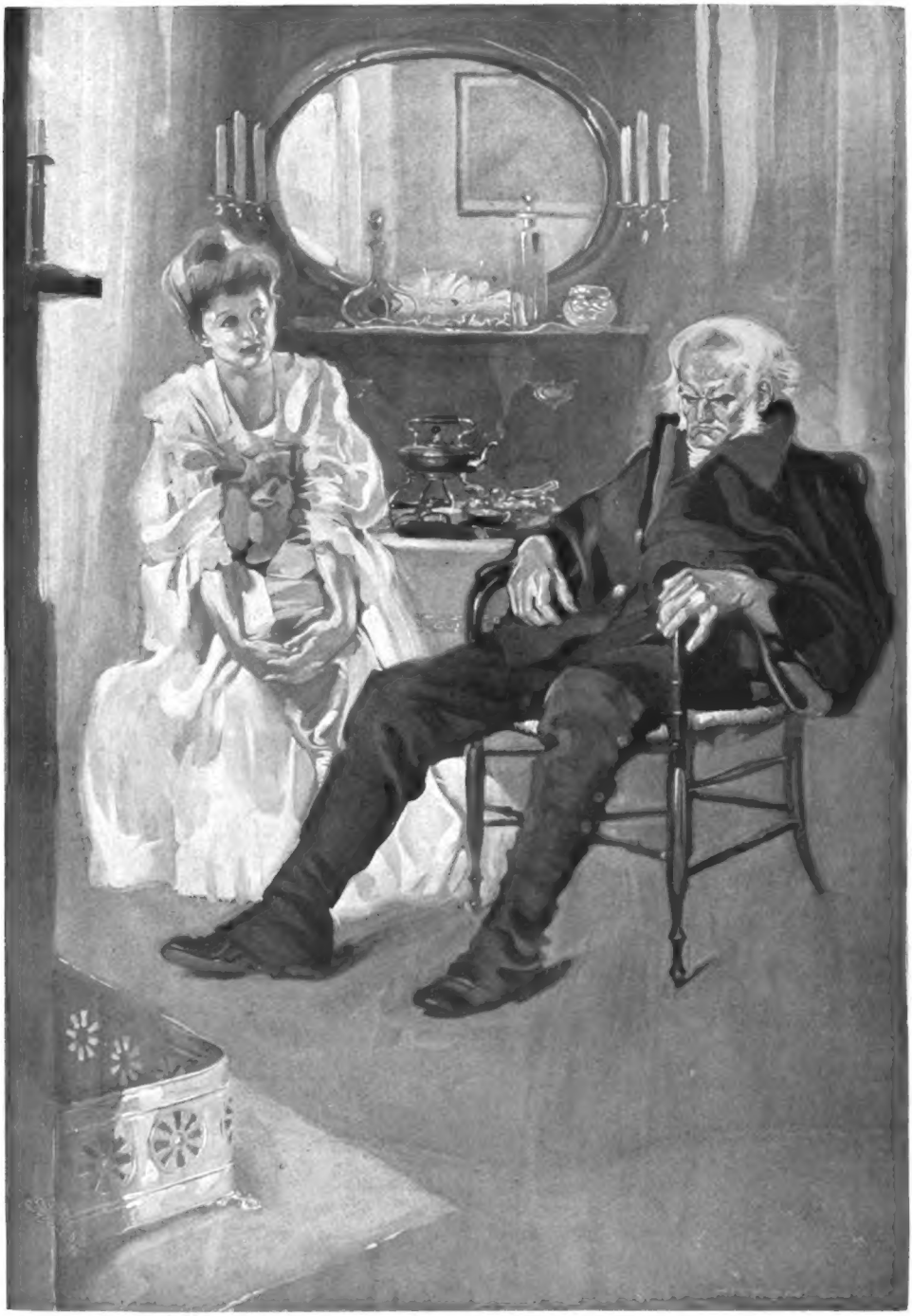

"COSSETED HIM . . . . BECAUSE HE WAS OLD AND WHITE."

Illustrating "Danny."

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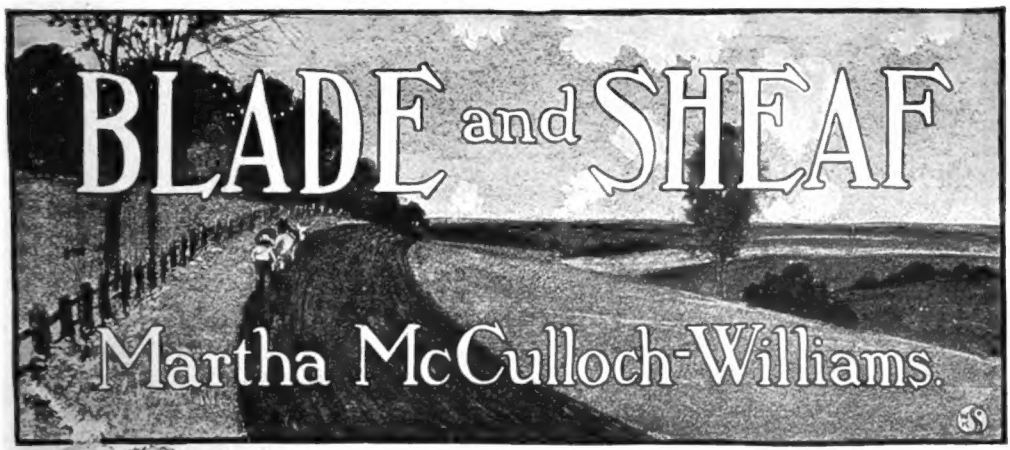
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VII. AUGUST, 1902. No. 2.



With illustrations by Walter King Stone and decorative studies by Bristow Adams.

THE story of fallow-land is writ large upon its face. Starveling acres, cropped out of all substance, cry for help to Nature's friendly alchemists, the wind, the rain, the frost, and the fine weather. Slovenly tilth likewise proclaims itself in galls, in gullies, in blurs of big clods. So too does thin soil speak aloud its original sin of poverty, showing waxy yellowish clay, or bluish-gray, dotted and splotched, with tiny dark pebbles.

Here in the barrens, which are, in a sort, cousins-german to the prairies, wheat-fallows under plough a hundred years are fat and full of heart, as ready to laugh leoninely into harvest as when the first share tore and gashed their virgin breast. Clover is the root of their renewing—clover which has spread and burgeoned over them after every crop of wheat. Bees haunted it, particularly humble bees. Rabbits also, and quail with their young broods, came to peck delicately at its buds, or surprise choice morsels in shape of tender silver-winged butterflies.

Where the harrows have run, the foot sinks so deep walking would be weary work but for the stimulus of air and sky and ripe autumnal scents. The most subtle of them is the earth-scent—which is like nothing else under the sun. Life is in it, and balm of healing, and the gentle soothing of happy hope. Truth eternal is wrapped in the fable of Antæus. He typifies humanity growing strong again by touching Mother Earth. It is mid-October—the season of golden days, of silver starless nights, of fitful laughing rains that begin or end in mist. The sun is "a rose of dawn," a ball of fire-scarlet at his setting. All day long

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there is a tinge of ruby in his shining, and though mid-day is still summer-warm the shadows and the nights have lengthened and strengthened. There has been barely a hint of frost—only enough to accent the smell of garnered fruit, and sparse new-fallen leaves. Time ambles withal—but not for the wheat-grower. By his hope of a full crop, he must neither begin sowing too early, nor finish too late.

"Clover is the root of their renewing."

Winter wheat grows in the barrens—the very finest wheat in the world in those rare years when soil and season and seeding hit it off exactly together. Season is the determinant factor. It must be—else why should the same field, seeded the same as to time, tilth and grain, one year return a beggarly five bushels to the acre, and the very next, forty? Possibly the very uncertainty is one charm of the crop. The element of hazard appeals more or less strongly to every red-blooded human creature. Almost without exception the barrens land-masters have rich red English blood, coming down to them through Virginia and Carolina ancestors, from those gentlemen and yeomen who came out to occupy and possess His Majesty's southern plantations.

The open is broad, and faintly undulant, rising in swells as gently rounded as the breast of Ceres, dipping in between to low rich swales. It runs on, on, as far as eyes can follow, to lose itself at last in a wavering mist-blue line. Heat-haze shimmers up from all the swales. Two thirds of the land in view is either fallow or sown wheat. Here or there a remnant wooded skirt makes a brilliant red-and-yellow blur against the dun; here and there also unkempt fences criss-cross the spread with lines of painted hedge-rows, aflaunt with briers, sumach, golden-rod and sassafras. But for the most part the fences are trim—mere commonplace lines of wire and boards, or new osage hedging.

The fields are big. Wheat-growing to be profitable demands machinery too costly for the small inclosures of small farms. Still, the barrens show something of the old hand work. Drills run clattering at their best speed, but there is room for the sower—the sower who, not so long ago, was pivotal to the harvest. If he did sloven work it was foredoomed to failure. Sown too thick, the crop would be mainly straw and chaff, sown too thin, weeds sprang up to strangle it; sown irregularly, with vacant strips between seeded ones, the yield was diminished, often below the point of profit.

None of these sins lie upon Daddy Jim's conscience. He has sown wheat since the day of young manhood, without once failing of a fine even stand. Basket on arm he goes stalwartly straight forward, his eyes fast upon the guide-stake, his big

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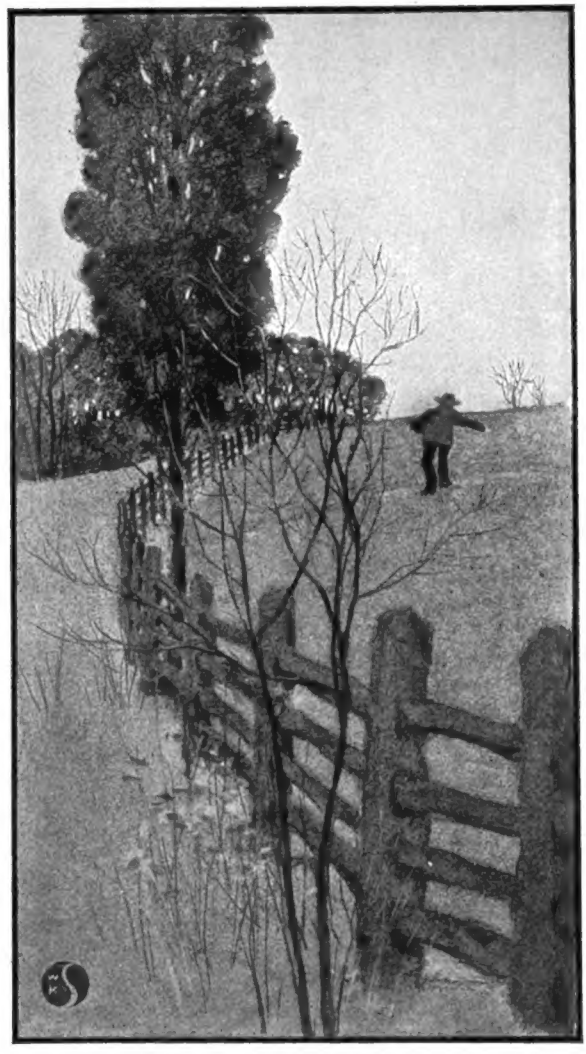
right hand automatically gathering grain, and flinging it abroad, now this side, now that. It looks easy —so easy a child might do it, or a blind man. Try it. Cast twice or thrice, with your best skill—then look at the ground. Most likely you will see blurs and blotches of grain, or errant streaks, but nothing to compare with his equal sowing. Watch him close! Left! right! left! right! the spread of his cast does not vary half a foot across the whole breadth of the field. When he comes to the guide-stake he moves it outward twice its own length, thus gauging the breadth of the next cast. Then he turns and sows to the stake at the other end, which is in like manner moved outward at need. From daylight until dark he keeps in motion, a human shuttle weaving between soil and sky that which shall be the royal web of harvest.



"From daylight until dark he keeps in motion."

Autumn has no fairer sight than a wheat field with all its newly sprung emerald spears, massed and lined in orderly array. Misty mornings tip the spears with diamond points, and darken the earth to throw the jewelling in high relief. Wheat-sowing in the barrens runs sometimes through November — but this mainly in years when drought delays work. Late seeding may lie dormant through the winter, yet make a fair crop. But it is ever so much better to have the young grain fairly rooted and beginning to branch before freezing weather. Well for the waking seed if snow comes with the freeze —snow is the best presage of a richly golden harvest. Underneath its mantling eiderdown what dreams may come to the grain? What memories beside! Myth, fable, legend, romance, poetry, history, cling to and abide with the heavy yellow stalks. Wheat was to the Greek the gift and emblem of Ceres—that Ceres, severe and beautiful, in whom his sensuous fancy bodied forth the thought of plenty. Again, wheat, sown into darkness that it might rise in light, was Proserpine, daughter of Ceres, borne violently off to be queen of the infernal regions, and by the justice of the great gods given back for half the year to laugh with her mother in the sunshine.

Possibly wheat was the corn so plenty in Egypt when famine drove thither Joseph's unnatural brethren. Wheat went with other precious things into the mummy cases and sealed jars stored in royal tombs. Today acres by the thousand laugh in bearded grain, said to have sprung from sparse kernels plundered by a ruthless explorer from a royal mummy's hand. Does it whisper now — this new-old Egyptian wheat — to its constant friend the sun, of Rameses, and Pharaoh? Of Apis, the sacred bull, of Isis, Egypt's Ceres? Of Osiris? The great Sphynx?

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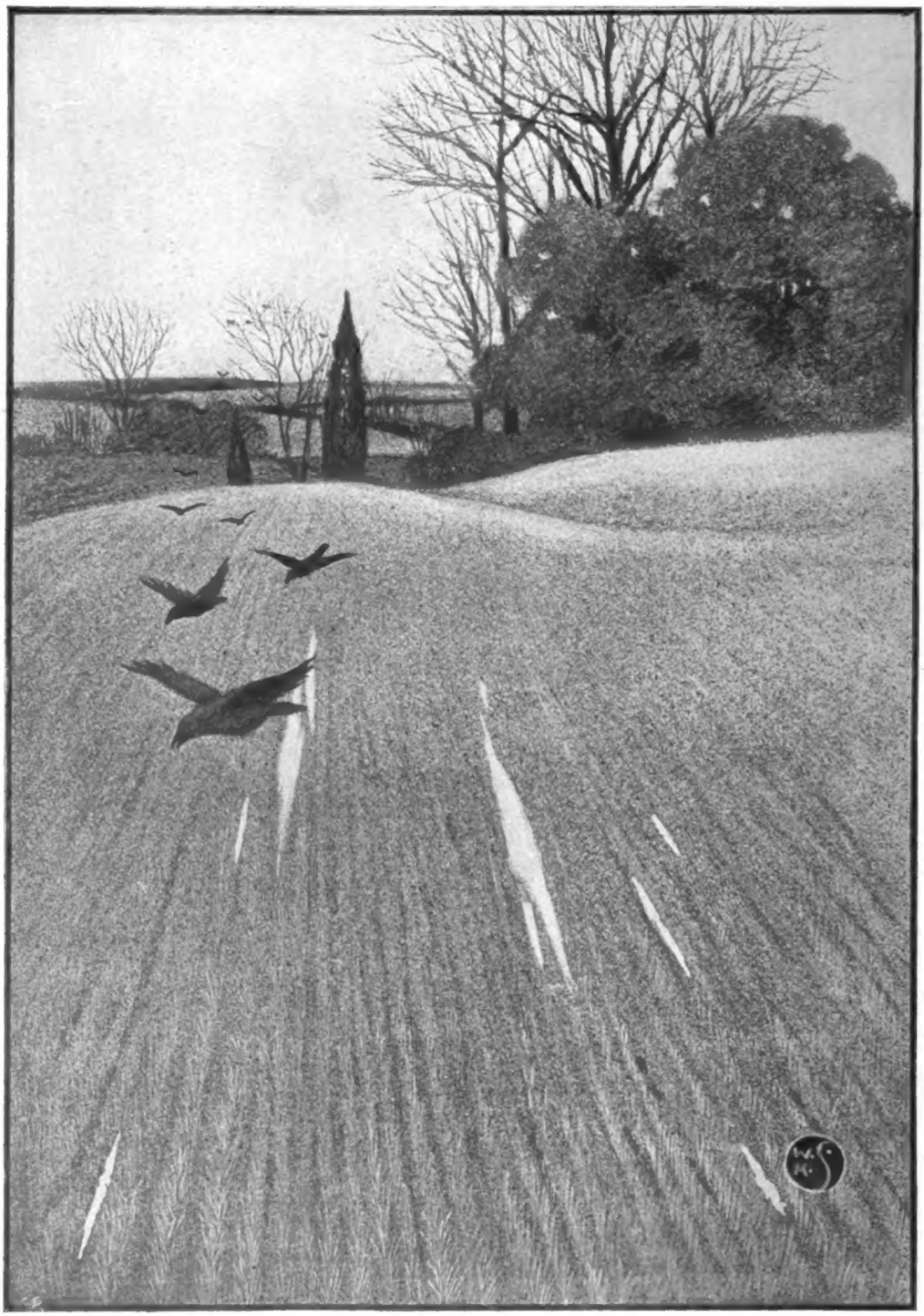

"Autumn has no fairer sight than a wheat field."

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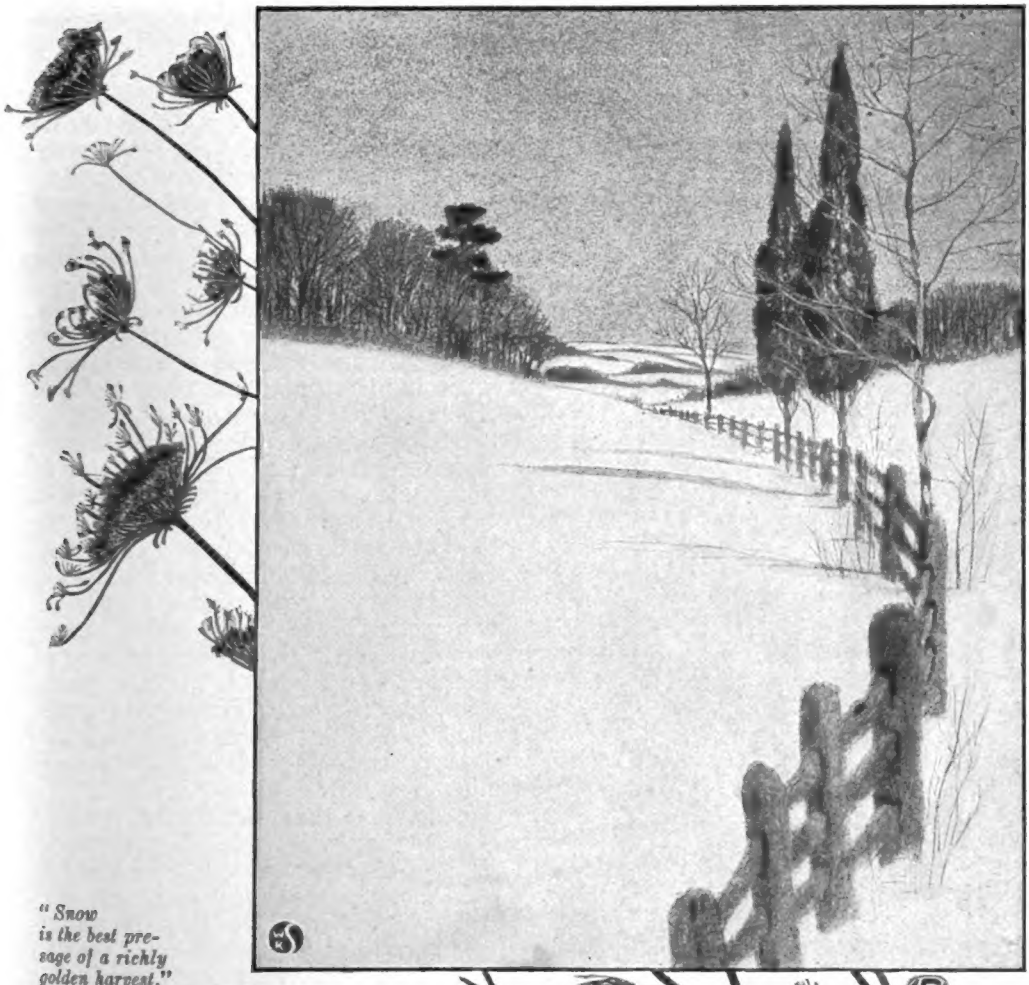

"Snow is the best presage of a richly golden harvest."

And Memnon's head, singing to hail the sunrise? If it would but speak aloud so mortals could comprehend, how our wisdom might be broadened! What a recasting of history must be wrought!—and how we boasting moderns might hide diminshed heads!

Who shall say it does not try to tell! Listen the soft sussurrus of its springing stems! Snow-time is past, all the field a spread of emerald blades, standing mid-leg high. The stools are jointing. Already they interlock across the drill rows. Yet their spread is not quite so even as is that of the broadcasting—the drill spaces show as fine faint furrows in the green. In a fortnight there will be no difference. A south wind breathes across—the young stalks tremble and shiver in the long satiny ripples all over the field-face. The sound is like a fairy organ peal, happily undervoicing the birds singing in all the hedgerows.

Merry birds and many—thrush, robin, oriole, mocker, field lark, wren and all their tribe. It is pure delight to see them dive in the wheat's green deeps, to find great store of creeping and crawling things. By and by, when the heads stand even with a tall man's neck, the warblers and seed-birds will cling to the stoutest stalks, pecking out milky kernels. This is only fair exchange, not robbery.

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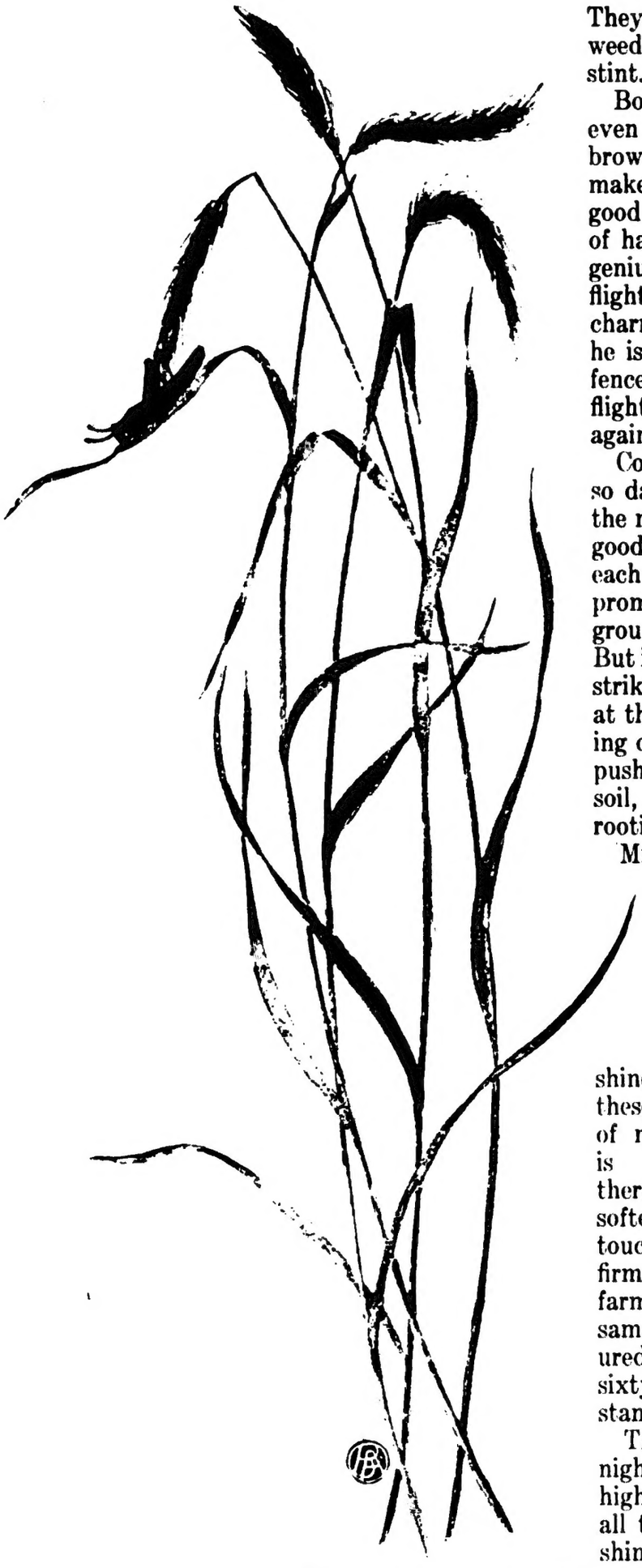

"In the wheat's green deeps."

They are fully entitled to salvage in virtue of weed seed and insect eggs devoured without stint.

Bob White runs frolickly through the wheat even before the stalks are as high as his brown breast. He feeds there constantly, makes love, nests, and rears his young, if by good hap his eggs escape the searching out of harvest hands. He is in some sort, the genius of the field. His calls and whirring flight give the subtlest savor in all its varied charm. Piping blithely from every fence, he is only less entrancing than that other fence-haunter, the red-bird, whose arrowy flight makes him show as a winged flower against the tossing green.

Come May-day, wheat is in the boot, and so darkly-dense a green, it shows black in the moonshine. Here where the seed fell in good ground there are ten to fifty stalks to each stool—and every stalk lusty enough to promise a full ear. A single kernel in good ground brings sometimes a hundred stalks. But it must not be too deep in earth. Wheat strikes root abundantly, but sends them out at the surface. They go deeper, after coming out, but if the young sprout needs must push up to light through overlying inches of soil, it appears to lack strength for proper rooting.

Mid-May sees the wheat, fully headed, standing waist-high. The ripple is almost a babble. White May, a smooth-headed early sort, is in full flower. Note the tiny blue-gray points hanging tassel-wise at the tip of each scaly bract, and pray to the Lord of harvest for a week of sunshine. Heavy beating rain, dislodging these minute florets, would mean loss of more than half the grain. The grain is barely forming—inside each scale there is a tiny creamy germ, folded up in the softest silk, and waiting only the fructifying touch to swell and harden into a lusty flint-firm berry. "Buck-shot wheat" the barrens farmers call it, recalling the days when these same barrens had bucks to be shot. A measured bushel of true buck-shot wheat weighs sixty-five pounds, when sixty is the lawful standard.

Through golden mornings, white-hot noons, nights of dew and silence, the stalks climb high and higher. Soon a faint yellow tinges all the tossing spears, unnoted in the sunshine, but strong enough when a cloud passes to make it seem as though a second and

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" Bob White runs frolickly through the wheat."

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" Seed Birds will cling to the stoutest stalks."

fainter sun shone abroad in the field. The stalks have learned a new song. The key of it is tensely metallic—as though spears clashed on blades. Molly Cotton-Tail frisks nimbly, Bob White pipes his loudest. Over all there is a fine vernal fragrance. Wild grapes have come to blossom in the hedge-rows. So have the vagrant honeysuckles, runaways from garden primness. Night moths hover and wheel as the moon climbs slow in a sky yet light with lingering sun-rays. But it is not sunshine, not moonshine that paints the field, no longer a green field but golden unto harvest.

May on the turn to June brings in the jocund harvest. At dawn dew drenched the fields. Now at eight o'clock the freshness of it lingers only in the deepest shade. But the binder did not wait upon it. Here in the mulberry shadow let us watch the uncanny Frankenstein, that has come a-field to do many good men's work. What a monster—all wheels, and arms, and belts, and endless aprons! The tall wheat melts as it passes, is clamped into heavy sheaves, and tossed so far to one side as to be out of the way next round. Four splendid muscular mules draw it, moving almost at the trot. Jack, the black wagoner, drives them, keeping them straight and steady at draught, but it is Marse Joe, the land-owner's son, who looks after the cutting proper. He sits high, his eyes glued to arm and reel and cog. Not for him the gold and green, the goodliness of Summer. His whole consciousness is rapt in the Frankenstein and its work. He does not even wet his throat when Jack halts to change teams, so intent is he on keeping every nut and screw in place, every bearing and journal dripping the oil of ease.

If the binder saves labor, it increases the strain of what labor remains. It may do five men's work, but there is nothing of harvest joy where it holds sway. Let us leave it for the cradlers, with whom some remnant of the old harvest feeling yet abides. Though cradling is work to tax muscle, manhood, breath and stay, it has in it the saving grace of emulation, and further, the human touch which gives poetry and meaning to all toil beneath the sun.

The cradlers, five stout fellows, all black, all smiling, stand a-row in the edge of the fresh ground which is too full of woody roots for safe use of the binder. They are whetting their blades to the keenest edge, in the pause

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"The Cradlers."

after the second dram. The first was swallowed at sunrise—three fingers of neat whiskey, oily, fragrant and mellow. Daddy Jim drank first, though his cradling days are over and he contents himself now with ruling shockers and binders. He it is who suggested, as the second dram went down, that there ought to be at least one race in that big bottle. The cradlers smiled and nodded—thus it happens that the ring of whetted steel in five separate keys cuts like a death-cry through the stir of the field. The fresh land wheat is extra heavy—even the land-master, a notorious pessimist, admits that it is likely to thresh amazingly. It lies in a longish strip of perhaps ten acres. The cradles will cut it in two five-acre squares, turning at the hedge-row sassafras.

Bill Knox, who leads, stands six-foot two in moccasins, two hundred pounds of massy muscle and hard bone. Lean, clean in line and limb, with the chest and shoulders of a Titan, full-fed, and in perfect condition, he is not only strong, —he has the full joy in strength which made possible Olympian Games and the labors of Hercules. Harvesting means more to him than high wages and high feeding. His eyes are emulous as with a mighty laugh he flings aside the whet-stone, and shouts:

"In dar all you good men! In dar! In!"

Savagely he sweeps his blade through the tall grain. The single stroke leaves a yard space shorn behind. Another stroke! Another! Away he goes, the rest streaming after as though

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"Threshing time is the true crown of harvest."

set in motion by his arm. A cataract of golden-green grain falls behind them—unevenly at first, but straight and true after the first half-dozen strokes. Now they are in full swing — blade to heel, one behind the other, each so tempering stroke as to **barely miss his leader.** Magnificent! Magnificent! Can they hold that heartbreaking clip down even one side of the square? The question is idle—here is the pick of the countryside, with the king of all cradlers in the lead. Bill is hardly breathed yet. See! As he turns the corner his stroke quickens. Swish Swish! Swish! He is two full sweeps ahead. His next neighbor looks helplessly after, but readily gives place to the hindmost man—Little Ned Boston.

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Little Ned catches the time of Bill's stroke as he begins singing:

"Gentlemen's motion! Ding dang!
Ladies' motion! Ding dang!
Mighty pretty motion! Ding dang!
Rock de cradle! Ding dang!
Shet de doah! Ding dang!
Keep John bouncin'! Ding dang!"

Bill echoes the stave—the other three troll out the chorus. Sense it has none, yet the barbaric rhythm almost a monochord, somehow times itself into the hurricane motion of the chanters. Bill, doing his mighty best, cannot shake off Little Ned. It is stroke for stroke. Listen the whistling call of the blades! The cataract of grain is thicker than ever—evener too. It is no small part of the strenuous rivalry to lay a beautifully straight swath. Ah me! To think of senseless wheels and cogs and bands taking away from life the chance for work which thus educates hand and eye and thew and sinew! Hard as the work is, neither of these gamecocks has a thought of giving in. Bill would die first. They are yards ahead, going down the last side. Binders and shockers stop to stare at them—the folk with the red-wheeled Frankenstein even look across and take time for a rousing cheer. The racers have thrown off hats—they drip sweat from every pore, the muscles stand out upon neck and brow, but still their arms sweep strong and steady as the flails of Fate. Their eyes are fast on the corner—the corner that means victory and rest. It is but five yards off—as many strokes will fetch it. Bill shouts exultantly. "Keep Ned bouncin'! Ding dang!" Instantly Ned tosses back: "Cradler's motion! Ding dang!" Two more strokes now—only two—and Bill will be still king in the harvest field. His cradle goes up and out with a tempestuous whirl—the grain falls in torrents behind it—but not to earth. Little Ned catches half of it in his cradle—he is so close behind the leader, there is not room for his full stroke.

The grain bends in the ruffling winds, not meekly, but with a sort of stately defiance, much as might a marquise of the old regime have bent her head to the people's guillotine. Looking on one may recall that the vanishing cradle was reckoned as long an advance over the reap-hook, as the harvester or the header is over the cradle. A hundred years back, the reap hook, the sickle of poetry—was the mainstay of harvest. The reaper gathered his left hand full of standing grain, and cut it with a smart blow of the reap-hook held in the right hand. These handfuls other men gathered into big bundles, and laid down. Next came binders, each with an armful of bands knotted from the earliest cut wheat. Heads were knotted together, then the stalks spread. Thus a band went round a very great sheaf—one quite big enough to stand alone.

"Late June growth and blowth."

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The sheaves cured in shock, then the grain was either flailed out on threshing floors full of fine slits, or tramped out on bare earth. For tramping the bands were cut and the grain spread in a big ring, heads outward. Over these heads light boys rode horses at a slow pounding trot. By and by the straw was tossed into the ring's middle and fresh sheaves laid down. Forty bushels was a big day's threshing—and winnowing afterward took twice as long. Very neat housewives, not satisfied with the winnowing, washed and handpicked "turns" of wheat before sending it to mill. But the mass were content to toss the chaffy grain in sieves, or else drop it from a height and let the winds do their allotted work.

Threshing time is the true crown of harvest, if the landmaster is of the nature that lives up to its privileges. Come a-field at daybreak. The earth lapped in late-June growth and blowth, shimmers with beaded dew, under the strengthening rosy light. Wefts of mist be-lace the tree-tops—every shrubby bough wears streamers of cobweb filament. The birds are at matins. Hark the full chorus! Not a minstrel withholds his note. Above it there rises another note—thin, keen, insistent. Steam has conquered a place in harvest. The fretful black engine is calling all hands to wake and work.

The engine holds in leash another Frankenstein—one bigger, more uncanny, than even the self-binder. Engine and thresher proper are set firmly, yards apart. Each needs room and to spare. There are long high tables either side the thresher-throat, and a mound of empty sacks a little way off. The engine is flanked and buttressed with water-wagon, coal-cart, and wood pile, where already somebody chops wood furiously.

"Des listen at him! Callin' 'Whea-eat! Whe-ee-at!'" Bill says to Little Ned as they race across dewy young clover. Afar off there is the rattling clatter of farm wagons, coming empty at full speed. A dozen are making from neighboring farmsteads into the field that holds engine and thresher. Each wagon has its own driver and loader. Twenty more good men and true are scurrying to meet Bill and Ned at the engine-side. Today Bill is boss-feeder, Ned his chosen helper. Since harvest the two have been inseparable. They make common cause against Mister Engineer, a dare-devil youngster, pranky and freakish, but master of his trade. All three go with the machine from farm to farm. Big wheat farmers have often their own threshers, sometimes more than one. Still there are crops a-plenty for the intinerant machines, to which a half-dozen plantations can furnish a season's threshing.

Mister Ingineer has a flaxen mop, and twinkling blue eyes. Presumably he has also a white skin, though hands and face are the color of tar. He has spent half an hour crawling over, under, through, above, his engine, and the thresher that is nominally in Bill's charge. What wonder he says in a deeply injured voice: "Late again, Bill! can't expect to keep custom and sleep till daylight. You know I wanted to run out a thousand bushels today——"

"You'll git um too—nebber you mind!" Bill retorts: "Dest you gimme dat steam, dog my cats, ef I don't gib you de wheat. Ef you busts dat b'iler 'taint none er my lookout."

"Whe-ee-at! Whe-ee-eat!!" the engine answers for its guardian. Bill works like mad, setting things in place. By time the band is on, two loaded wagons come full-run. Instantly the bind-cutters range themselves along the tables—sheaves tossed to them fall to loose wheat at one stroke of their knives. Bill holds up his hand. The knives hang poised, as cautiously he sends the first armful down the Frankenstein's throat. In a wink the straw carrier whisks out a wisp of battered straw. Bill drops hands, shouts: "Let her come!" and crowds the big mouth with damp-strawed golden grain. He snatches the grain to him with both hands—instantly other grain is slid into the vacant space. The wagon men working with might and main can by no means out-do the cutters.

"Dem bind-cutters mus' a-slep' cross-eyed las' night—dee so vigrous dis mornin," one wagon-man shouts above the roar of the threshing. "Dee is 'mun! Done th'ashed ten sacks a'ready!" another returns over his shoulder, lashing his team away. A loaded wagon waits to take the empty one's place. Notwithstanding Ned shouts after the driver, "You come back er gilpin, ole nigger! Us gwine charge you all fer time los' sho as us waits fer wheat."

Cut and slash as they will, the bind-cutters cannot best Bill. Tirelessly, his arms reach, his hands grasp and hold. Despite their chaffing earlier, Mister Ingineer is on his side. He keeps his fireman on the jump, and takes his own hand from the valve only

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to look after some vital point. The wide band sings in the morning air, with a dull vibrant humming curiously reminiscent of wheat rustling ripe. Swiftly, steadily, with no slip or jerking, the tough elastic fibre carries to wheel and cog the strength of steam. Straw streams from the high carrier. There is no stacker. Instead here are two small black boys, each with his mule and straw rail, to drag it away. Around the spout the sack-men are puffing and dropping sweat, although the sun is hardly well above the trees.

Every wagon has brought in a first load. Ned touches Bill's arm, saying: "Sposen us gibs um er wrassel now!" Bill answers between breaths: "Not yit—dee had de 'vantage. All ub um was half-loaded 'fore us th'ashed er grain. But dat ain't sayin' us woont clear de table on um fore de day's out. I'm des bound ter do dat—dem wagin'-men is too owdacious ter suit me."

Ned does not answer—the land-master is in sight, with a tray full of glasses, and a boy behind him carrying a fat sweaty jug. Threshing stops at the wave of his hand—stops until everybody big and little has swallowed a dram. As Ned wipes his mouth, he slips into Bills place and shouts: "Now come on wid yo' full wagins! Us is here ter th'ash wheat!"

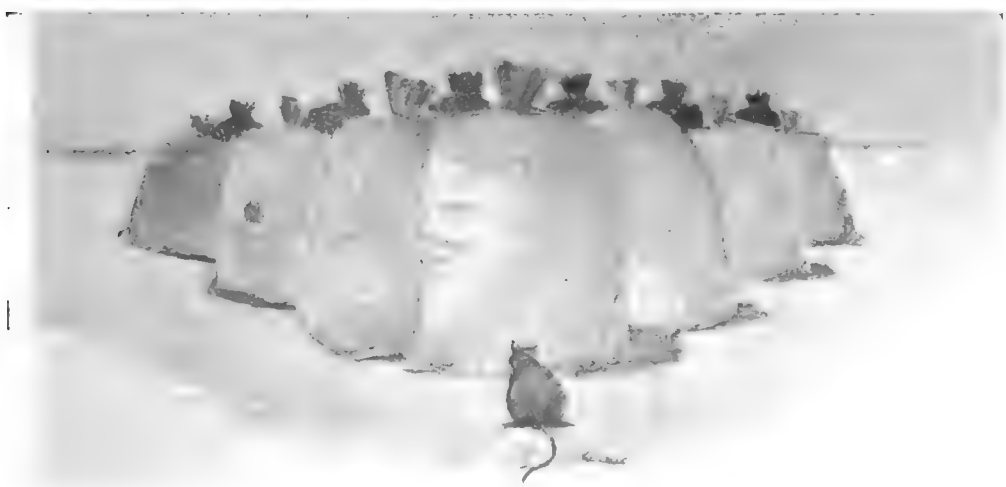
A buzzing roar drowns the words, but the bind-cutters instinctively understand. They stand four at each table, their knives flashing steely arcs in the low sunshine, but in Ned they have met their match. He stands slightly bent, crowding in loose grain with both hands, not in lumps and huddles, but with a nice certainty that sends every full head squarely against the spiked drum. Clean grain pours from the spout—one sack is not tied before another is full. The straw-boys are half smothered; wagons heaped to the point of toppling dash up, unload and go away on the run, but still the thresher is not choked, nor the cutting tables crowded.

Ned has no breath for words. Faster, faster, he sends in the heavy heads. He is conscious of but two things—the wagons whose golden mountains melt under his hands, the yawning mouth in front which he must fill, but may not gorge. Bending a little more, his arms moving like things of steam and steel, he feeds, feeds, that gaping mouth, until his stretching hands fall at last upon empty boards, and a laughing roar all about tells him he has won. Not a sheaf on either table, the droppings even gathered up—and the nearest full wagon a hundred yards away!

"A fine run," the land-master says to Mister Ingineer. "But if you please, no more races today. Threshing is the awkwardest time in the year to stop work for funerals."

Mister Ingineer laughs; "Racing ain't the safest thing," he admits candidly. "But you see it was in our bones—we couldn't strike a steady gait until we got it out."

The day burns on to noon—to dinner almost Gargantuan, and long lazy noon rest, half asleep in the shady backyard. Then more threshing, strength that makes the work half-play—a night of dreamless sleep—other stressful days—and when at last there comes an end to threshing, happy sighs over good work excellently done.



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The Course.

The Sheep-Dog Trials at Troutbeck

A Remarkable Test of Dog Intelligence.

By A. Radclyffe Dugmore.

Author of "Bird Homes."

With photographs by the Author.

Up in the North of England, in the famous Lake Country, there is a small village known as Troutbeck. Here every year the community of sheep-herders gather together to witness a sport as dear to them almost as their very homes, being connected as it is with their actual livelihood. It is a sport absolutely unknown to the greater mass of the people, even in England, yet it calls forth the unqualified admiration of all who see it. For it is a display, not of brute force, nor of human powers, but of the intelligence of dogs. Not "instinct," mind you, but quick, thoughtful intelligence.

It is of the North Country sheep-dog trials that I am speaking. While horse-racing calls for highly-developed wind and muscle; and hound trials are but examples of speed, endurance, and the natural instincts of the dogs; and human sports, such as jumping, wrestling, running, and the like, need little more than strength and cunning; the dog trials require, beyond all of these attributes, a very high degree of intelligent reasoning power.

For a long time the Troutbeck dog trials have taken place each year in August, and until quite recently the prize given was always a silver cup, which was treasured as a proof of the winning dog's skill and the herder's patient training. Now, however, by the desire of the younger participators, money has been substituted.

Friday, August 23, 1901, was the day set for the most recent Troutbeck trials. It was a perfect day, somewhat hotter than one would have expected, with a clear blue sky overhead, intense in color, and almost cloudless.

The course selected was on the Applethwaite Fells, where the rough hillsides are covered with bracken and heather, with gray lichen-coated rocks jutting out here and there in strong relief against the golden browns and yellow of the bracken and the purple of the heather. The fells were treeless from top to bottom; strange-looking loose stone walls encircled the hills, winding their seemingly purposeless way, serpent-like, through crag and hollow; a small stream, almost hidden from view by the tall bracken, came trickling down the hillside. Quite inconspicuous was this stream, and yet it influenced the fortunes of more than one good dog, for the day was hot and the water cool, and many dogs gave way to the temptation and stopped to slake their thirst.

The course along which the dogs were to

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THE PENNING AS SEEN FROM THE JUDGES' TENT.

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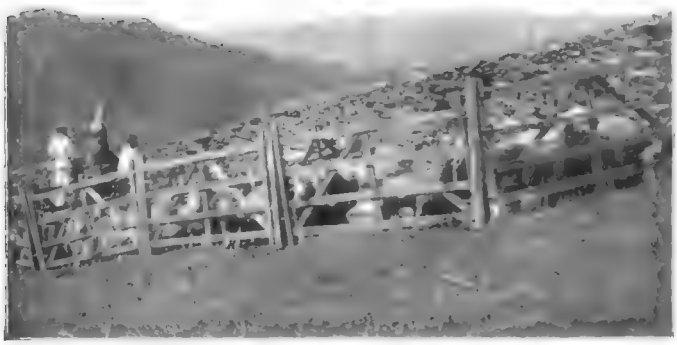

"FOR EACH TRIAL THREE FRESH SHEEP ARE USED, THESE BEING TAKEN FROM THE HERD PENNED BEHIND THE STONE WALL."

take the sheep began at the small triangular pen, running thence in a north-easterly direction uphill and to the east of a flag. From there it went northward down hill, across the stream already mentioned, uphill, and *between* two flags which were placed to the eastward of a high, rocky crag; then nearly due west, crossing a small gully, and passing between other two flags; next southward, along fairly level ground thickly covered with bracken, to and between the last pair of flags; and from there to the finishing pen. The whole distance from start to finish was about three-quarters of a mile.

The man whose dog was working stood on a knoll about one hundred and fifty yards from the starting point, and not until the sheep were almost at the finishing pen was he allowed to leave his place. From the knoll he had to guide his dog as best he could by signs and signals,

TAKING THE SHEEP TO THE STARTING PEN.

"THE NUMBER OF SHEEP FOR EACH DOG WAS THREE, TWO OF WHICH WERE HERDWICKS AND THE THIRD A HALF-BREED."

shrill whistling, and sometimes calling.

Forty-two dogs were entered on the lists, divided into three classes: competitors for Local Stakes for the district within a radius of ten miles from Windermere Railway Station; Special Stakes for the district within twenty miles of the station; and Open Stakes for all comers. Among the principal rules governing the trials were the following: "Any dog that injures a sheep will be disqualified." "No dogs except those com-

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peting will be allowed on the grounds." "All sheep-dogs entered must have been not less than three months the *bona fide* property of the exhibitor, and, except when competing, must be held by a cord or chain, under penalty of disqualification." "No person will be allowed with the dog competing except the man working it, and he will be placed where the judges direct."

The number of sheep for each dog was three, two of which were Herdwicks and the third a half-breed. For each trial three fresh sheep are used, these being taken from the herd penned behind the stone wall which marked the southern boundary of the grounds, and placed in the small starting pen.

THE WINNER OF THE PRIZE FOR THE HANDSOMEST COLLIE.

At 9.30 A.M. the trials commenced, and the first herder, J. R., stood on the knoll, holding in leash his splendid gray dog Laddie. The dog seemed to realize that some special effort was called for to-day, and looked inquiringly first at his master and then toward the judges' tent. He seemed to be waiting eagerly to be released. The waving of a red flag was the signal for the simultaneous release of the three penned sheep and the anxious gray dog. At once the latter made toward the three bewildered sheep, directed at first by his master's call, for the bracken was high and hid the animals from the dog's view.

It was not long before he saw them, however. Without seemingly paying the slightest attention to his master's call, he hurried them along at a lively speed. Up the stone-covered hillside they scampered till they reached the first flag; then Laddie stopped an instant for orders—a simple whistle, which he understood—and once more the three sheep were off, with the dog following close behind, guiding them carefully and keeping all three closely bunched together as they passed the first of the series of flags. Then, following the master's signals, Laddie urged them on over still rougher ground, watching intently lest any should attempt to escape. Over the top of the hill and down the slope they went, faster and faster, until, still well bunched, the brook was passed and they were going uphill toward the first pair of flags. Then one

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"J. R. STOOD ON ONE SIDE OF THE PEN AND BECKONED LADDIE TO BRING THE THREE SCARED-LOOKING SHEEP FORWARD."

of the sheep made a bolt toward the lower part of the crag, but Laddie turned it back quick as a flash, thereby saving much time. Once more they made for the opening between the two flags that seemed to be planted so very close together. When quite near, they hesitated and had to be urged on. As soon as they started in the right direction Laddie lay down and watched them as they walked slowly along, leaving the flags on either side.

Looking toward his master for new directions, he quickly overtook his charges, who were slowly making their way for the hill-top, and, turning them in the direction of the next flag, now forced them into a gallop. Over the rocks they went, sure-footed as goats, frequently lost to view among the bracken, but each time reappearing with the gray dog close at their heels.

Nearer and nearer they came, to within six feet of the flags, and seemed to be going well, when suddenly, without warning, they galloped off on the wrong side. The bracken was so high that the poor dog had not seen the second mark. "Coom t'me, lad! coom t'me!" shouted his master, and then the dog realized that a mistake had been made, and ran to a clear piece of ground, from which he could see his master and get his signals. The sheep, fortunately, had stopped soon after passing the flag, and the dog understood that they must be driven back *outside* the mark (for such is the rule), then turned sharply round and brought between the two flags.

How he understood it is difficult for us to realize, but that he did was proved by his actions; try as the sheep might to go the wrong way, Laddie, now coaxing, now forcing them, soon had all three in position for starting again for the narrow way that led between the two fluttering flags.

"T'hame, Laddie! t'hame!" called his master; and Laddie turned those sheep sharply round and brought them between the two red and white flags at full gallop.

It was well done, and the people gave the dog three subdued cheers—subdued because much noise would have distracted his attention. For this reason you seldom hear much shouting or clapping of hands until after the penning has been accomplished.

Sheep and dog came rapidly toward the pen, jumping the high bracken, dodging thick clumps of heather, and scrambling

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"ONE OF THE SHEEP MADE A BOLT TOWARD THE LOWER PART OF THE CRAG, BUT LADDIE TURNED IT BACK QUICK AS A FLASH."

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over loose rocks. Straight as a die they came until they were within a hundred yards or so of the pen, when Laddie was signalled to lie down, while the sheep, no longer driven, were glad of the opportunity to rest. J. R., leaving the knoll, came running down among the heather that clothed the steep hillside, to help at closer quarters in the penning. The trial was a near thing, for only one minute and twenty seconds of the allowed time remained, and the penning is a difficult matter, which requires care as well as time. The pen consists of three hurdles placed thus △, the entrance being but wide enough to admit a full-sized sheep. Standing as it does in the open, without anything in the way of a path leading to it, it is the very last place that a sheep would think of entering of its own accord.

J. R. stood on one side of the pen and beckoned Laddie to bring the three scared-looking sheep forward. Slowly they came until near the goal; then, before man or dog could stop them, all three bolted past, and fully half a minute was lost in bringing them back.

At last, by coaxing ever so gently, they were taken to the pen, and two were passed through the narrow entrance and penned. The third, however, turned at the critical moment and bolted.

Time was nearly up; but a few seconds remained. Could the animal be recovered before those seconds had passed?

The spectators held their breath and watched intently; the time-keeper stood, watch in hand, ready to call the fatal word "Time," while the man and the dog were working with nervous energy. It was a race against the second-hand of a watch, and the odds were in favor of the second-hand. Fortunately the two sheep in the pen had remained there, so the undivided attention was given to bringing in the third, which had run about fifty yards before Laddie could turn it. Back they came, the driven and the driver, until once more they were close to the pen. Then the dog dropped down, with his head on his paws, watching

"SHEPHERD AND DOG WORKING TOGETHER AT THE FINISHING PEN."

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"SLOWLY THEY CAME UNTIL NEAR THE GOAL; THEN, BEFORE MAN OR DOG COULD STOP THEM, ALL THREE BOLTED PAST."

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the sheep as it stood near the narrow entrance.

Nearer and nearer came the man, with arms outspread, while the dog crawled on his belly toward the staring, panting sheep. Once the sheep turned, as though to run, when, quick as a flash, Laddie stood up and took a step forward, ready to cut off the retreat; but the sheep, thinking better of it, turned toward the pen, and, after hesitating a moment, slowly entered, one second ahead of time.

It was a good piece of work; the dog had missed no points, had made some good retrieves, and had penned his sheep within the required time. So the crowd gave the plucky fellow three hearty cheers that bounded against the rocky sides of the mountain, and went echoing over the fells and fens until lost to hearing.

Of the many other dogs entered in the first class, but few were as fortunate as Laddie. Some were unlucky enough to have a bad trio of sheep—and much depends on how the sheep behave. Some are wild and will not run together; others travel too fast and cannot be checked; while others again are too slow and require constant urging. One of the dogs lost control of his sheep at the very commencement, each of the three running in a different direction, and the dog, though a good one (as he proved himself in the open stakes, which he won), was unable to collect them in the time allowed. The first class was won, not by Laddie, but by an old dog named Jack, who gave one of the finest exhibitions of the day, making some wonderful retrieves, keeping his sheep well in hand, while he completed the course and penning in seven minutes and thirty seconds.

The next class was run during the extreme heat of the day, and now it was that the tantalizing brook proved a temptation too strong for many of the dogs. One dog who was doing good work owed his failure to the strains of music that came across the hills from a band of itinerant musicians who, with an eye for gain, had taken their stand near the crowd of spectators. Their lively tunes distracted the dog, very much to his master's disgust, and he became confused by the strange mixture of sounds, and lost many minutes in his endeavors to understand his master's orders.

"AT LAST, BY COAXING EVER SO GENTLY, THEY WERE TAKEN TO THE PEN."

The time for this, the second class, was reduced to eight minutes, and of the thirteen dogs entered only one penned within the time without missing a point. That fortunate dog was Laddie, who had a minute to his credit when the sheep were safely in the pen.

One of the shepherds lost his temper completely because his dog, a young one, little

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THE GRAY DOG AT HOME.

over a year old, gave tongue when the sheep refused to do his bidding. It is against the rules and regulations for a dog to bark during the trials, and as the young dog broke these rules, his master's voice came ringing through the air. He cried out angrily, "Shoot yo' mouth, will ye! Hae ye nowt better to do than yowl? What'll yon people think on ye, ye miserable yowling tyke! I'll make it proper hot for ye, an' I get ye hame, oor I'm gradely mistaken." Whether or not he made it "proper hot" for the dog was not known, but the people said his anger was to some extent justified.

ONE OF THE HERD.

It will be noticed by any one who witnesses the sheep-dog trials that the actual penning within a certain limit of time does not always call forth the greatest amount of applause, for so much depends, of course, on how the sheep behave. The dog that does well with difficult sheep, making good recoveries and generally handling them well, receives far more of the public's commendation, and certainly deserves more, than the dog who chances to have a set of sheep that are easily worked.

At the conclusion of the trials three prizes were given to the handsomest collies competing. When the name "collie" is used, it

THE KING OF THE HERD.

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must be understood that these dogs are not the handsome, heavily coated dogs known in Cumberland as "fancy collies," but more or less shaggy dogs with not very thick coats. They are lighter in build and rather longer than the fancy collie, and vary greatly in color—black, black and tan, blue, gray, and sable being the colors usually seen.

From the point of view of the amateur photographer, the sheep-dog trials are a great disappointment, as no spectator is allowed within about a hundred and fifty yards of the course, and it was only through the extreme kindness and courtesy of Mr. A. B. Dunlop, the honorary secretary, and prime mover in the trials, that I was allowed the freedom of the grounds, with the privilege of using the camera.

THE TRIALS ARE WITNESSED BY LARGE NUMBERS OF PEOPLE, WHO COME FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

WAR AND THE WOMAN.

"Home they brought her warrior dead."

By Fullerton L. Waldo.

NOT hers to go, quick-pulsed, with pennons waving,
To drums' fierce, militant accompaniment,
Where that high leader fell, where that lost charge was sent,
All terror facing, and all danger braving;
But hers to welcome home, when prayer is said,
'Mid querulous fifes and muffled throb of drums,
Where the slow, silent, black procession comes,
The white face of the uncomplaining dead.

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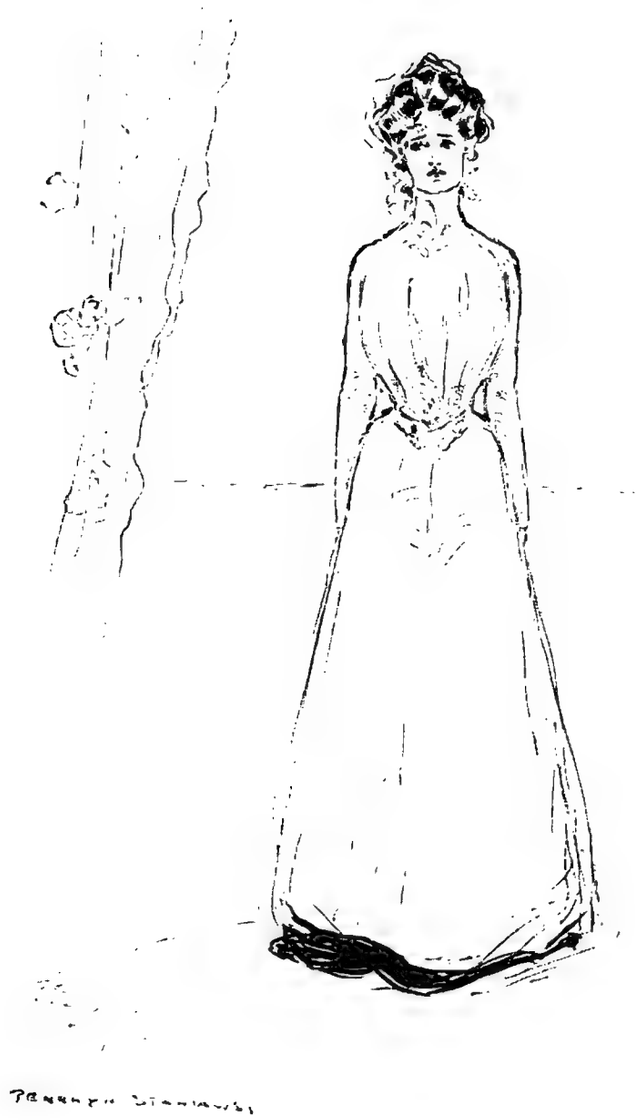
"'ISABEL HAS COME BACK TERRIBLY ADVANCED.'"



"SAVE IN HIS OWN COUNTRY."

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

Illustrated by Penrhyn Stanlaws.

"ISABEL has come back terribly advanced, mother. She doesn't believe in being married, or buried, or anything."

"Oh, she don't!" Mrs. Irwin took the pearl button from her mouth and laid it on the exact spot where the needle would come through before she went on: "Does she believe in being born? Or hasn't she decided about that yet?"

"Oh, she has decided about everything? She thinks children ought not just to happen along; that you ought to wait till you've got everything as you want it, money and prospects and all."

Mrs. Irwin met this with an impatient jerk of her head, and her needle point scraped distressingly on the wrong side of the button.

"Much chance she'd have had of existing under that scheme," she said. "I know Belle cried for three days; they were poor as cats, and then she said she didn't feel equal to the 'responsibility of a little human soul.' Most young mothers talk a lot of that with the first baby, but it gets pretty well knocked

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out of them by the third and fourth. You had come along then, and your litttle human stomach was giving me all the responsibility I cared about. My, Polly, you were a trial that first year! So I wasn't so sympathetic to Belle as I might have been if she hadn't been my sister. Somehow, you expect sense of your own folks. She really felt it. I think that little soul helped weigh her into her grave, poor thing."

"Well, she needn't have worried," said Polly. "Isabel is equal to running her own soul, and anyone else's. Though she isn't so sure that we have souls. She says that our brains and our senses account for about everything; that the soul is 'a pretty idea, but not really essential.'"

"For the land's sake!" Mrs. Irwin laid down her sewing and looked at her daughter over her spectacles. "If that's the results of going to college, Polly Irwin, I'm not so sorry you couldn't go!"

Polly sighed and said nothing. She might not approve of her cousin, but, some way, that denied dream had never seemed so great a loss as during these three days since Isabel came home.

"I wonder if Mr. Batcheller wouldn't talk to her," her mother went on. "He wouldn't let any nonsense like that get by him. I've a mind to give him a hint." Her eyes were on her work, and she did not see the quick flush that rose in Polly's face.

"Oh, I wouldn't, mother," she exclaimed; adding more quietly, "Isabel might think I hadn't any business to repeat things. And if she wants to talk with Mr. Batcheller, nothing's going to prevent it."

"Well, I suppose so." And Mrs. Irwin gave it up with an irritated sigh. "There, that's the last of those corset covers; Cora can put the lace and beading on herself. I wish to goodness she wouldn't have them all strung up with ribbon. It's going to take her a wicked amount of time, running them in after every washing."

"Oh, but mother, in a trousseau!" Polly urged. "You ought to have things pretty that once. Cora's going over this afternoon to ask Isabel to be one of the bridesmaids. She'll look stunning in pink organdy, won't she?"

"If she'll keep those silly ideas to herself," Mrs. Irwin admitted grudgingly.

Keeping her ideas to herself was evidently very far from Isabel's purpose. Cora found her reading German behind the vines of the porch, a serious, handsome girl, whose dominant brunette presence reduced her cousin to a blond wisp. Cora tried to give herself weight by remembering that she was about to be married, but there were visible gaps in her courage which had to be forcibly bridged with nervous laughter and rocking.

"I suppose you have to have the usual wedding fuss and bother; people here wouldn't understand if you didn't," Isabel said, when the subject had been introduced. "But doesn't it jar on your intelligence, Cora?"

"Yes, of course—dreadfully," Cora assented with eagerness. "But, you see, people here——"

"Yes; and it's not easy to be a pioneer. Yet I simply could not go through the marriage service as it stands. To give your oath that you will love a man always—how can you tell that you will? Love can't be forced!"

Cora looked a little frightened.

"Of course, you can only hope to," she murmured.

"Then one ought to say 'hope to.'" Isabel spoke dispassionately, but her tone was as inflexible as the Day of Judgment. "And then, for one human being to say 'obey' to another—it's absurd if you mean it, and perjury if you don't."

"That's just the way I feel," agreed Cora; "but Chester wouldn't understand anything different, I'm afraid. He is rather old-fashioned."

"Men are," said Isabel, generously. "We have to compromise. One thing we can do away with, thank goodness—the monumental wedding gown and veil. Imagine making a little toy procession of oneself in these days of rationality!"

Cora hastily thrust down in the back of her mind a white satin dream that had been holding the foreground for several months.

"It does seem rather silly," she said, coloring. "Yet it's hard to know just what to be married in."

"I'd wear a tailor-made—just a good street gown, such as one would have anyway," Isabel decided. "The clothes don't make the occasion—they rather mar it; while a string of self-conscious, homely bridesmaids reduces it to the ridiculous. Don't you feel that?"

"Oh, yes—very much," said poor Cora, wondering how she was to deal with the five girls she had already asked.

"It is odd how the New Thought pene-

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"A SERIOUS, HANDSOME GIRL."

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trates everywhere," her cousin was saying. "Out here in this little town I find you have been coming to the same places as I have in a big college. It is in the air."

"I suppose it is," said Cora with importance.

"It is very encouraging," Isabel went on. "I met the new minister last night—though of course he isn't new to you. He is a man who has really thought to some purpose. He interested me."

"Mr. Batcheller is a great friend of Polly's." Cora was proud she could say that. The fact evidently impressed her cousin, though she made no comment.

Cora was not the only one to succumb to her cousin's strong hand. At the end of a week Pinky Hudson was heard to declare that most of the men were too young and inexperienced to be interesting; there were only three or four with whom one could hold a real conversation. . . . *Pinky!* In two weeks the whole town was wearing its hair *Isabel*, and talking about the New Thought. The Reading Club replaced "The Stones of Venice" with essays by Maeterlinck, coming away from the meetings important, but a little furtive, as though desirous of avoiding questions. And all the girls took to sending down "Not at home" to the groups of boys that came calling in the evenings. Some were so proud of this innovation that they could not resist casually passing the window while their baffled callers were still within the gate, and fierce hostilities resulted. The social life of the town might have come hopelesssly to an end if the prevailing maid-of-all-work had not flatly refused to be a party to the deception.

"If ye'll go in the back yard, Miss Pinky, I'll say ye're not in the house; but that's all I'll do for ye," was the firm edict. And so, "I suppose I'll have to see them!" would be the bored conclusion.

By this time all the youths of the town hated Isabel with aggressive boldness behind her back, and stood sullen and tongue-tied in her presence. Her serious, handsome face and her serene faith in herself disarmed the most valiant, who raged to find himself humbly blushing at her casual friendliness. Mr. Batcheller took open pleasure in her; and Polly's mouth showed a sad little droop when she was not talking.

"I declare, I don't see what has come over this town," said Mrs. Irwin, unburdening herself of a growing exasperation. "Do you know what that Hazel Polhemus told me last night? That she went to church so as not to hurt her mother's feelings, but that she was really an Agnostic. That empty-headed little—I wanted to box her ears. And here's Cora planning to be married in a gray hopsacking street dress and saying that bridesmaids are silly. What ails them all?"

"Well, it's Isabel, isn't it?" Polly spoke with an effort. She knew that her mother understood the cause as well as she.

"Isabel! What call has she to make over the town? I should think the girls would have more spunk. And Cora tags around after her like— I tell Chester he's altogether too patient. It makes me mad!—Why, even Mr. Batcheller——"

"Oh, well!" Polly got up abruptly and moved towards the door. "Isabel is really clever, mother, and handsome," she added with conscientious distinctness.

"All the same, I'm glad you don't bow down like the rest. You're the only—" But the door had closed.

Isabel's power had risen to that of dictator when the time came for the yearly entertainment which helped support their foreign missionary. She was put in charge as a matter of course, and then came the first little rift in her absolutism.

"Cora Irwin is the only other person on the committee," it was said. "It has always taken five or six girls before; but I suppose Isabel's so clever she don't need any help."

"Except Mr. Batcheller's," added another. "He's always there. Well, I suppose it will be very wonderful."

Isabel, meanwhile, had entered seriously upon her responsibilities, with Cora for her assistant and Mr. Batcheller for chief adviser. Not that she took his advice. He laughed a little dubiously when questioned, and said that it was out of his hands. But the three held wonderful committee meetings, in which the party was quite forgotten, while the chairman and the adviser held brilliant arguments, and the excited assistant seized on stray sentences which she pieced together into a conglomerate little philosophy of her own. She dilated to Polly on these sparkling talks wherein Isabel was so vividly a match for the minister, until the poor girl took refuge in angry sarcasm.

"Yes, and meanwhile, I suppose, the en-

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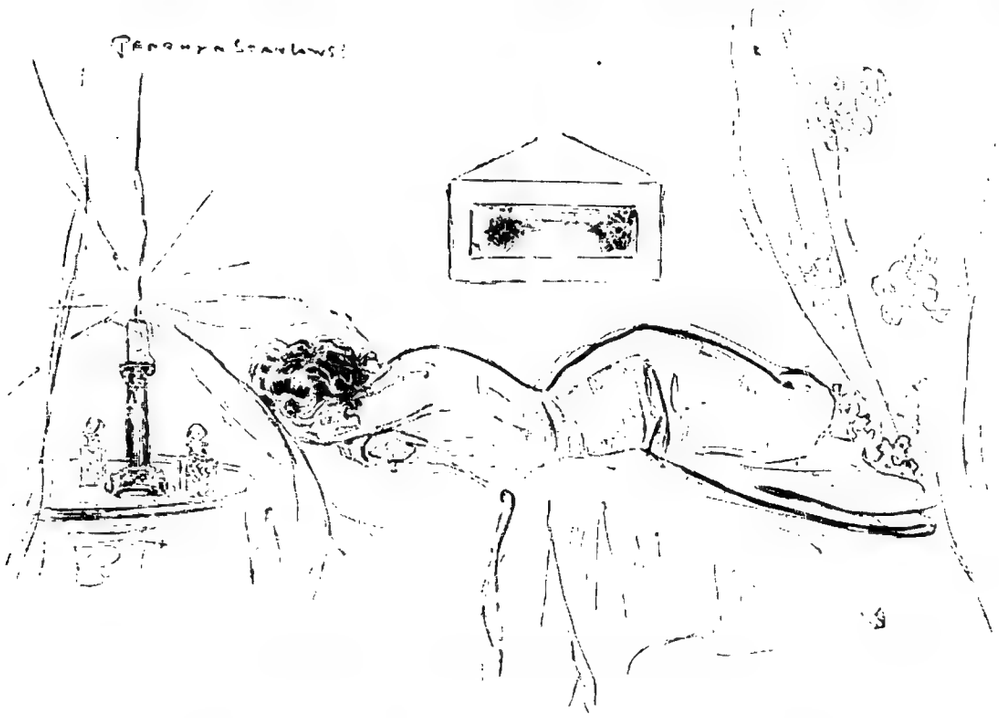
tertainment is getting ready of itself," she commented. "When I had it last year I worked every day for six weeks; but then, of course, I hadn't been to college."

"Oh, well, you had waxworks. Of course Isabel won't have anything of that sort."

"She probably won't clear two hundred and thirty-four dollars either. I should think you'd be uncomicrtable, Cora, to be taking part in an entertainment less than a week before you're married."



"CORA LAY FULLY DRESSED ON THE BED."

"You are so old-fashioned, Polly." Cora spoke with great patience. "Marriage is important, but not the mere wedding ceremony. If I had my way, I'd simply go to a justice of the peace without any fuss at all."

"You wouldn't get any presents."

"Just what I'd like. It's so silly, everybody groaning that they have got to give you a present, and sending something you don't want, and putting you under obligations to give a lot of truck back in other wedding presents. I should much prefer to buy my own things and let them buy theirs. Isabel was talking about that very thing, and Mr. Batcheller said there was a great deal of truth in it."

"Well, I hope you get taken at your word," muttered Polly, with a vindictiveness entirely new.

The plans for the entertainment were kept strictly secret. Those who had been invited to take part went about looking bewildered or a little foolish, but would give no hint. In former years, everyone, in strict confidence, had shared the secret; and the rift widened to a rent. Inevitably they began to resent the superiority that had at first enthralled them, to show little stirrings of independence. Some would have been glad to stay away when the important night came, if only the others would too. But curiosity filled the hall to the standing-room-only point, and kept the audience devoutly still when Isabel took her place on the platform, at one side of the curtain, and began to read aloud, no one just knew what. It was evidently poetry, and it dealt with persons of barbaric names, who seemed to be engaged in some unpleasant business. Just as the children were beginning to uplift shrill whispers, the reading paused and the curtain went through the familiar hitchings and hesitations that had set curiosity thrilling ever since the hall was built. At last it went up, disclosing George Warner and Toby Hopkinson in mythological costume, armed with hammers and spikes, doing something strenuous to Sam Miller, who leaned against a property rock and blushed violently. The curtain presently put them out of misery, and dutiful, if somewhat bewildered applause followed. Then

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the reading went on, vast tracts of it, relieved by more visions of Sam Miller, who had been conspicuously chained to his rock. He had various callers there—three girls in yellow cheesecloth, and a much-bearded person called Oceanus, and finally Pinky Hudson wearing a headdress of horns and evidently telling a tale of great hard luck; but Sam, blushing, always in the centre.

"Like the dinner the Injun gave—six courses, all succotash," some one whispered, and the spell of reverence was broken. The audience began to rustle and whisper and suppress giggles. Deacon Ames, in the front row, stretched his legs out in front of him and thrust his hands into his pockets with a mighty yawn. Those in the back gradually slipped out into the hall, whence their laughter could be heard at every swing of the door. Isabel did not realize that it was the breaking up of her empire that was going on, rather than a mere

"CORA WAS A RADIANT BRIDE."

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"PINKY HUDSON EXPLAINING THE LAWS OF PALMISTRY."

breach of good manners. She read steadily on, neither skipping nor hurrying, though a slight expression of contempt had settled in her eyebrows. The actors were less composed, and when the next to the last living picture had been received with personal comments, the chief figure struck and informed Isabel in a wrathful whisper that he wouldn't stick there another second for anybody. She read sternly to the end without the final picture.

Cora, who had been stage managing, went out into the audience filled with righteous anger, to set the example of a decorous and intelligent listener for the few moments that remained. She purposely took her stand

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close to two pillars of the town's intelligence, with the idea of forming a nucleus, and was just in time to see one turn to the other with an amused smile.

"Isn't this just like a raw college girl—ramming classics down throats utterly unfitted for them?" he said.

"I doubt if there's a throat on earth that could swallow this party," said the doctor with a sigh. "Lord, isn't it dull! '*Prometheus!*' Why didn't they try some simple, amusing thing, within their powers? Last year it was really funny."

"Poor Isabel—she's got a bad case of big head," answered the judge tolerantly. "My wife says she's making little fools of the other girls. She really has ability, and she may outgrow it—but, I don't know!"

"Oh, she's young, she's young!"

Cora, with burning cheeks, stole out of earshot. She tried to rally to the defamed Isabel, but Public Opinion already had her in its grasp, and she was no fighter. Everywhere at once the tide had turned against Isabel: out in the hall Cora found the girls shrieking over a wicked imitation of her idol's platform manner. She shrank back into a corner, hurt and ashamed, and, not seeing her there, one of the girls declared in mock seriousness:

"Girls, when I am married, I shall wear a neat gunny-sack, with holes for my arms—bridal finery is so ridiculous. And I shall carry a tasteful bouquet of carrots and radishes, which we can use afterwards for the wedding breakfast. There will be some sense in that."

"And I'm going to say, 'Stand you as long as I can,' instead of 'Love, honor, and obey,'" added another, when the laugh had subsided.

"Who wants presents!" exclaimed a third. "Foolish solid silver, disgusting cut glass—imagine!"

There was another peal, under cover of which poor Cora moved away. If she had been a true disciple of the New Thought, no doubt this empty-headed audience would but have strengthened her allegiance; but she was only a dazzled little reflector, and her whole band of opinions was hopelessly upset and scattered.

In spite of the hilarity in the hall, the bulk of the audience looked dazed and depressed when it had finally been released. The refreshments were received soberly and hastily swallowed, and then there was a general movement to go home. Last year they had cleared the floor and danced, but no one had the heart to propose it this year. Polly and her mother departed in pointed silence, and soon after Cora tucked her hand under Chester's arm and followed. They did not say much on the way home, but at the door Chester took both her hands and held them for a moment.

"Cora, dear," he said, "you know I've got nothing against a girl's thinking for herself, and finding out new ways if they're better than the old. But, just don't get to thinking that because they are new they're better! Isabel's a clever girl, but she's got a whole lot to learn yet. Don't swallow what she says whole, little girl; chew it some, first!"

"Yes," said Cora in a very small voice. Then she went up to her room.

Half an hour later, Polly, having her suspicions, softly opened the door. Cora lay fully dressed on the bed, her face buried on her arm. She did not look up at her sister's voice, but her shoulders shook.

"Don't mind, Cora," Polly said, sitting down beside her. "It wasn't your fault. And they must have cleared a lot of money: the hall was packed."

"It isn't that," sobbed Cora. She would say nothing more, at first, but finally she broke out: "It's going to be hor—rible, without any—bridesmaids—or wedding gown—not even a cake—and I'd planned them all my li—fe! And I'll look so ugly, Chester won't—oh, I wish I was dead!"

"Why, Cora!" Polly sat up straight to confront this new aspect of things. "But you said——"

"Oh, don't say what I said," wailed Cora. "The girls who were to be—bridesmaids are so mad they won't sp—eak to me—and so is everybody—and I won't get any presents! I've spoiled my life!"

A look of executive ability gradually replaced the amazement in Polly's face. She sat in deep thought while the sobs quieted; when she spoke, her voice was full of stirring energy.

"See here, Cora! We've got five good days before the wedding. Mrs. Marshall can make a wedding gown in that time, I know, if I talk to her. You don't want it very fancy, do you?"

Cora had lifted her flushed face. "No, oh, no," she said breathlessly. "But, long and white—satin, you know, and tulle ——"

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"Yes; and all the dressmakers in town can go right at the bridesmaids' dresses—I'll be the sixth myself, and we won't have a maid of honor."

"But, Polly, the girls are mad——"

"Well, they won't be long, with a chance to wear pink organdy before them! You leave it to me. What shall we have for refreshments?" She pulled a comforter about her and settled down to the details. Three hours later she was still frowning over her plans, while Cora lay sound asleep, tear-stained, but smiling.

Cora was a radiant bride in the midst of her pretty pink bridesmaids.

In the relief of having dropped down from their intellectual tiptoes, the girls were almost childishly gay, and the boys, realizing that in some mysterious way the good old times had returned, flew about with pieces of the portentous cake, stuffed their pockets with rice, and tied white ribbons on the bride's trunk, as though the New Thought had never been heard of. Polly, now that her lābors were over, stood apart a little sadly, wishing the festivities would end. Isabel looked slightly bewildered. When chance showed her Pinky Hudson explaining the laws of palmistry to a red-cheeked boy behind a window curtain, she turned with frowning seriousness to Mr. Batcheller.

"Isn't all this strange and archaic—out of keeping with the modern attitude," she said.

"Oh, I don't know." He glanced approvingly at the pink bridesmaids. "It is pretty and pleasant—something she will always enjoy remembering. I think I like it."

"'I THINK NEXT YEAR I SHALL GO AND TEACH SOMEWHERE.'"

"You say that ex *officio*," she accused him. "You are too progressive a person not to see the childishness of it all."

"Ah—progress: that is another matter." He turned to her gravely. "Reform some of the abuses that hurt character—the old customs that injure harmonious living—then I will be with you heart and soul. That would be a fine work for a woman."

She resented the last phrase. "Why can't I work as a human being, not as one of a sex?" she asked impatiently. "The average man objects to brains and independence in a woman; but one does not expect such an attitude from the initiated!"

"I'm afraid men are all rather alike in that respect," he admitted with a half-smile. She looked at him intently.

"You mean that even the man who is not commonplace prefers—the woman—who is?" Her voice was dry and unnatural, but he evidently did not notice.

"Oh, I am afraid so," he said lightly. "Someway—one likes a comfortable little woman!" His eyes rested on Polly, and he smiled as though his listener would understand and sympathize. Isabel had grown rather pale.

"I think next year I shall go and teach somewhere. I have always wanted to," she said, with an incoherence most unlike her.

"Yes; you would enjoy that," he answered with half-absent cordiality. When she turned from him, he made his way across the room to the drooping little figure in pink.

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The Honourable Betty

By

Justus Miles Forman

Drawings By

KARL J. ANDERSON

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"YOU'd best not come in," warned the Honourable Betty from the hearth rug, "I'm in a very, very nasty temper."

"Dear me?" said I, "are you really, now? I shouldn't have known. You don't look so fierce or brutal or anything."

"I've been throwing things," sighed the Honourable Betty. I lingered cautiously in the doorway.

"Big things?" I enquired, "or only bric-a-brac? If its only bric-a-brac I shouldn't mind, but of course I couldn't have you chucking furniture at me, now could I?"

"It's only bric-a-brac," said Betty encouragingly, and I ventured into the room. Lady Hartwell's little King Charles snapped at me malevolently, and only a naturally sweet disposition stood in the way of my stepping upon him.

"What's wrong?" said I, turning with a certain regret from the King Charles. "You don't look comfy, quite. Anybody been abusing you?"

"It's only mother," said the Honourable Betty, with a sigh.

"Lady Hartwell?" I cried, astonished. "Oh, I say, it can't be, really! She's such a mild and harmless sort! She wouldn't abuse anyone."

"She has such queer views!" complained Betty querulously. "She wants me—fancy! —she wants me to marry for love."

"No!" said I.

"Really and truly!" insisted the Honourable Betty. "But I just sha'n't do it."

"Indeed I should think not," said I, with indignant sympathy. "Marry for love, indeed! One always starves or lives in lodgings if one marries for love. And one's husband is always losing his position in the 'city' somewhere, and taking to drink. No, don't you marry for love."

"Now that," cried Betty, "is just what I told mother, but she was in a sentimental mood or something, and wept about it. I'd much rather marry like other people. I suppose I must look sharp, too, mustn't I? I'm getting on, you know. I'm almost two and twenty."

"You're well preserved," said I gallantly. "You look as young as the best of us. Now whom did you think of marrying, for choice?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Betty. "Not so very many have asked me."

"Well," said I, "there's Reeves-Davis,

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and there's Flossie Brayton, and there's —there's me——"

"Reeves-Davis is a beast!" declared Betty politely, "and Lord Brayton is bald and fat, or nearly so. His face goes red at dinner."

I stroked my head comfortably. No danger of my going bald.

"Well," said I, "I suggested one more."

Betty gave an embarrassed little laugh. It was the first time I had ever seen her embarrassed, and upon my word it's becoming. Did I say that she is the most exquisitely beautiful thing I ever saw,—save one? My mater used to be as beautiful as that when I was a little chap in the nursery, and she used to come in at night all ready for some ball, and tuck me up and kiss me. Yes, quite as beautiful.

"One more," said I again.

"It would be a very excellent match, wouldn't it?" said Betty quite soberly, looking into the fire.

I kicked at the King Charles who was sniffing about my boots.

"Oh, I suppose so!" I growled. "There's the guineas and the name. Sounds a bit low, doesn't it? Besides, Brayton has guineas, no end of 'em, and a title, too."

"He needs them," observed the Honourable Betty unkindly. "He has so little of anything else —except weight."

"Jove!" said I, "there's one for poor old Brayton!—Why —why then, you think I—you think I'm not quite in Brayton's class, eh, Betty? You think I —my guineas aren't quite so—unpleasant, you know?"

"I wish you'd stop talking about money!" cried Betty irritably. "This isn't Capel Court or Billingsgate."

"But I say!" I protested, "you've declared that you didn't want to marry for love. What's left but money—and title? I was just trying to help you make up your mind. Women are such an illogical lot!"

"It occurs to me that I've heard something like that little platitude before," said Betty, with a sniff.

"Oh, I dare say," I admitted. "If you're lookin' for cleverness or brains or—or anything, you'd best give it up. You'll tire your eyes. I'm not a bit clever."

"Really?" demanded Betty, with a certain exaggeration of surprise.

"And you've—er, rather nice eyes," I continued. "Yes, by Jove, I believe they're the loveliest eyes I ever saw! Sort of—er, sea green, you know, very queer color. They go with your red hair. What the painter chaps call harmony, you know. Eh, what? The only trouble with them," I complained, "is that they're too big."

"They're not!" cried the Honourable Betty indignantly. "They're no such thing."

"Too big!" said I. "A chap gets to looking at them, and after a bit he can't see anything else, upon my word he can't! Oh yes, they're much too big!"

"Can't see—anything else?" murmured the Honourable Betty rather gently. "Can't see——? Why, I don't know —what you mean."

"I mean just that," said I. "I can't explain because I'm not clever, but they're most extraordinary eyes."

Betty turned the sea green eyes upon me, opened very wide. I tried to look away, but I couldn't.

"What do you see in—in them," asked Betty, rather low, "to make you—forget everything else?" She wore a curious expression, a half-puzzled, half-pleased expression, as if she found me suddenly interesting in quite a new way.

"Ah, don't ask a chap questions like that, Betty!" said I. "I've no tongue in my head, you know. What do I see in them? Oh, everything that is beautiful and sweet and

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—and tender and—deucedly uncomfortable for a chap to see; everything that one sees in dreams, when they hold the gate of heaven open an inch and let you peep in—and bang it shut after a moment; all the glad, mad foolish things that run through a chap's brain when he's fagged out and sitting all alone somewhere, day-dreaming. Don't ask me questions like that, Betty."

But the Honourable Betty, sitting sidewise in her big chair, leaned nearer over the chair's arm, and that curious expression of hers, as if she found me suddenly interesting in quite a new way, became more marked.

"Yes?" said she encouragingly. "Yes, yes?"

"Why—why that's all," said I, "that's just all. They're most extraordinary eyes! They turn a chap—turn a chap quite—silly you know. Eh, what?"

I tried to look away from the sea green eyes but I couldn't. The gates of Heaven were there—opened an inch.

"I think I'd never thought of you turned —silly," said the Honourable Betty slowly. She didn't laugh. "You're not the—silly sort at all."

"No," said I, "not as a rule. Still, one shouldn't judge people too harshly. Maybe it's nice being a fool."

"I wonder," said the Honourable Betty, stroking the King Charles.

"I've often wondered," said I. "I think it might at least be worth trying."

"It seems to me," said Betty, "very strange that you should be—should be taken this way so suddenly. I can't make it out."

The King Charles came sniffing about my boots again and I kicked at him quite savagely.

"Laying aside your very offensive way of putting it," said I, "you're wrong anyhow, for it's not sudden at all."

"Not—sudden?" cried the Honourable Betty, very low, and looking up at me swiftly. "What do you—mean? Not sudden?"

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"Years," said I. "Ages!"

"Oh, nonsense!" cried the Honourable Betty.

"Oh, Beatrice Elizabeth!" said I, "have you forgotten Hartwell Manor? Have you forgotten the river at twilight? Have you forgotten the yew walk and the wood over beyond the paddock? Have you forgotten that gorse is golden, Betty?"

"No," said she, looking into the fire, "but—but that was such years ago!"

"Didn't I tell you so?" said I.

"And besides," she went on, "if you were—silly at all in those days, it wasn't about me; it was that American girl Molly had taken up."

"Wrong again," said I.

"Well, anyhow," declared Betty positively, "I'd nothing to do with it. You almost never came near me."

"Jolly good reason, if you should ask me," I growled.

"Oh—he!" said the Honourable Betty, with some scorn.

"Precisely," said I. "He."

"He was only to pass the time."

"Well," said I, "he passed it right enough. I got no chance."

"How could I know you wanted a chance?" demanded Betty irritably.

"You might have known by the look of me," said I.

"I never saw you," said she, "the American girl was always between us."

"She was a very pretty girl," said I tactfully.

"Ah!" said the Honourable Betty, with a certain indifference, "if you fancy that type. Personally, I thought her a bit—oh, well, why didn't you marry her if you thought her such a beauty?"

"She married a duke," said I.

"Still," persisted the Honourable Betty, "if you'd asked her first——"

"I didn't ask her at all," said I.

"That," said Betty, "was very silly of you."

"Why now!" I cried. "Why now you've hit the very point of it! It was because I was—silly that I didn't ask her, silly over someone else. It was because I was silly that I went off to Africa with Briston to shoot lions, and—think about a girl with red hair and eyes that—eyes that let you see through into Heaven sometimes—for a moment."

Betty looked about for the King Charles, but he had gone away—I almost forgave him for living.—Then she leaned forward with her elbows upon her knees, staring into the fire. The firelight threw warm, deep shadows above her chin and her cheeks, and blazed in the great mass of red-gold hair.

"And the lions," said she after a long time, "the lions made you forget—brought you to your senses again?"

"Not they," said I with a sigh. "Nothing's been able to bring me to my senses. It's hopeless, I'm afraid." And we stared into the fire again.

"Oh, Betty, Betty!" said I presently. "How should a man tell a girl that he loves her, Betty? How should he ask her to marry him?"

I heard her catch her breath sharply.

"Why," said she, looking away, "the way he asked the others before her."

"There've been no others!" said I.

Betty turned her head and looked into my eyes for just an instant, and she drew a quick little sigh.

"Why, then," said she, very low, "why, then, he should go down upon one knee—and he should put one hand into the bosom of his coat—no, just the fingers—and with

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the other he should gracefully raise one of her tiny hands to his adoring lips——"

"Like this," said I.

The hand trembled a bit.

"Then," said the Honourable Betty, a little unsteadily, and very low, "then he should say, 'Madame—the time has come for me to declare my respectful sentiments of—of esteem and—regard——'"

"'Esteem and regard,'" said I.

"'And to offer you marriage,'" she concluded.

"And to beg you to marry me!" said I, "for I can't do at all without you, Betty. I've tried it and I know. Oh, of course I'm an awful idiot and all that, and I suppose you might better marry one of the others, but ah, Betty, I'm silly still. I've been silly for nearly four years!"

The Honourable Betty put out her two arms over my shoulders, as I knelt before her, and clasped her hands behind my head.

"I—I think I can put up with your—folly if I—must," said she, in a little quaver. "It's a folly that a girl might find it in her heart to forgive. But, oh, my dear, my dear, how can I marry you—this way—when I mayn't marry for love? I've had such *very* good advice about not marrying for love!"

She took her arms away and rose from her chair with a little nervous laugh, and moved across the room to the window, where she stood looking out into the grey dusk.

"But you'll marry me, Betty?" said I.

"I don't see what else I can do," sighed the Honourable Betty plaintively, "if you're going to follow me about like this."

"Oh, Betty, Betty!" said I, over her shoulder—and my own voice was playing me tricks now. "What are you marrying me for, Betty?"

"The guineas," said she.

"Confound the guineas!" said I, heartily. "Nothing else, Betty?"

"Oh, well, the title," conceded Betty.

"And confound the title!" said I. "Nothing else, Betty, oh nothing else?"

I took her by the shoulders and turned her about so that she was facing me, but she wouldn't let me see her eyes.

"Nothing else?" said I.

And then Betty said one other word that I couldn't hear because her face was hidden upon—her face was hidden.

I don't know yet what the word was. Sometime I mean to ask.

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A SUMMER-TIME STOVE.

A WELCOME INVENTION BY THE CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES WEATHER BUREAU

By Arthur E. Johnson.

INTENSE midsummer heat had converted the asphalt into a springy carpet-like substance and had planted looks of exhaustion and despair on the faces of the shoppers along the avenue when I encountered Blarkum that morning and received his invitation to go over to his flat and—sit around his stove!

"Sit around your stove on a day like this!" I groaned. "Oh, Blarkum, you are always such a cheerful joker in times of gloom."

"No indeed, I am not joking," said Blarkum, "but perhaps I am wrong in calling the thing a stove. A stove is something, you know, that makes a fellow comfortable in the Winter time. Well, mine is a Summer-time stove. It's a jolly fine thing on one of these hot days and I want you to come over and enjoy it."

Dear old Blarkum. I remember our college days together. Blarkum used to put a storage battery in his pocket and come forth of a dark night with tiny electric lights blazing out all over him. I remember his device for lifting his feet at various angles so that he could study better, and I remember the telephone he established between his room and his landlady's kitchen which enabled him to lie abed mornings and yet come in for a piping hot breakfast at the last minute. If there was anything new in the labor-saving or comfort-giving line on the market, Blarkum always heard of it first and was the first to get it. Oftentimes he invented things himself. Just why such a genius and a progressive fellow had forsaken his profession of electrical engineering and had gone to manufacturing chocolate creams in a big city I never could tell. I only know that it was always a delight and a treat to run across him, if only for a moment, and hear him tell of his latest acquisition in the line of things that make the world easier to live in.

But that stove—I had forgotten all about it by the time we reached Blarkum's apartment through listening to the wonders of a new kind of candy cream Blarkum told me he was making at his factory by first constructing a sugar shell and then squirting it full of chocolate. Blarkum said he was turning them out by the thousand a minute even in the Summer time. He said he was able to do it because of the new—— Here we walked into Blarkum's bachelor apartments. It was like stepping out of doors from a warm room on a cold Winter evening. Blarkum, who had been throwing up the shades, now rushed to a thermometer hanging in the corner.

"Sixty-five," he exclaimed, "I guess I will turn her down a little or we will all be catching cold."

He approached a big round object sitting near the window that I had mistaken for a huge Japanese jardiniere.

"This is it," said he, "come over and warm your hands."

This was my introduction to Blarkum's midsummer stove. As I stood in wonderment he twisted a damper in a pipe that led through a hole in the upper window pane and then carefully scrutinized the thermometer and raised the window. Chills traversed my spine and I inadvertently pulled my coat collar closer around my neck.

"It will be all right in a minute," said Blarkum. "I should have turned the damper before I went out this morning. A little hot air from outside will make the room feel more comfortable."

Presently the room did commence to feel more congenial. The atmosphere grew from being chilly to cool and delightful. I noticed only one of the windows was opened and that a little bit from the top.

"You see it is simple," said Blarkum. "Here is a pipe bringing in the air from the outside—and it's air that registers ninety-five degrees this morning, if I am not mistaken. And here at the bottom is the pipe where the air comes out after it has been reduced to twenty-seven below freezing."

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I put my hand down and felt an ice cold draught.

There was nothing much to see; simply a large bronze cylinder, with a pipe about the size of an ordinary stove pipe leading in at the top, and another of the same size leading out at the bottom. Near the base of the affair I noticed a white coating on the surface, and—yes—an icicle.

He slid back a panel in the side of the machine and I saw a number of closely placed tubes, and some substance that looked like ice. I stepped to the window and looking down into the street saw pedestrians crawling wearily along under the hot sun and the heat devils dancing on the pavements. The thermometer by the window registered seventy degrees.

Enjoying the delicious coolness, I threw myself back on the divan and listened to Blarkum chatter along.

"Got a whole half-dozen of 'em down to the factory. Why, at this season of the year I ordinarily have to suspend the manufacture of chocolate creams for the reason that ice is expensive and you simply can't keep them—I mean the creams—from running away unless there is a temperature at least as low as seventy. Three flies called at the factory a few days ago for a nip of sugar, and froze to death right in the doorway. I tell you there are two things the people of this world are going to have if they must do without everything else, and that is a Summer stove and Blarkum's creams."

THE SUMMER-TIME STOVE
At the Headquarters of the United States Weather Bureau at Washington.

An hour afterwards I had said good-by and was again in the sweltering heat of the city. The man at the store seemed hurt when I countermanded the order for the electric fan and the refrigerator.

There is no need to disillusion the reader at this point and say that Blarkum and his air cooler do not exist, for they do. There are plenty of Blarkums in everyday life, and there is at present at least one air cooler of the same description as his in existence. In a few weeks there will be many. In a few years they may be as common and as indispensable as typewriters and automobiles.

A wonderful contrivance which turns air of a temperature of 100° in an instant to a temperature which is below the freezing point, and operated by no power save the air itself, stands in a room at the headquarters of the United States Weather Bureau in Washington. The inventor, Willis L. Moore, Chief of the Weather Bureau, is glad to allow anybody that calls to look at it and feel the delicious cool air it gives off. In a few weeks more the foreign patents that are now pending will have been secured and the public will be welcome to examine the interior as well as the exterior of the machine that promises to become a factor of no mean importance in furnishing not only comfort to humanity in general, but aid to the manufacturing world where room temperature is an item in the protection of goods. The gravity cooler not only puts cool air

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into a room, but makes it pure and dry. A dust storm may be raging outside and the particles be taken in through the receiving pipe, but the air will come forth perfectly pure. Actual experiments have proved time and again that the air comes out drier than it goes in.

There is nothing complicated and awe-inspiring about the machine as it is taken in at a glance by the spectator. Indeed, the observer at first involuntarily experiences a feeling of disappointment in not seeing something more wonderful looking and imposing than a plain round cylinder connected with the outside air by a pipe of generous diameter and having a similar pipe extending from beneath. This is probably due to the surprise that immediately makes itself felt upon stepping into a room where the machine is stationed. To pass suddenly from an atmosphere registering 90° in the shade to a room registering in its warmest corner but 65°—and through an ordinary door at that—is bound to cause some wonderment.

Place your hand in front of the discharge pipe near the floor and you can feel ice-cold air coming forth in a strong draught. An anemometer, a machine for measuring air, placed in front of this pipe announces that air is coming out at the rate of 200 cubic feet a minute or 12,000 feet an hour. Turn a damper in the pipe which leads to the outer air and the wheels of the anemometer at the discharge pipe immediately cease turning. This seems to prove that the air enters the machine from the top, and goes through it of its own sheer weight, being made heavier as it is cooled. This is the power and hence Professor Moore's term "gravity cooler."

The machine is charged once a day and Professor Moore says that the cost of cooling a certain area in excessively hot weather will be but a trifle in excess of the cost of heating the same space by a furnace or a stove in extremely cold weather.

Patents on Professor Moore's machine have already been granted by the United States. Patents are now pending in foreign countries. Within a short time the gravity cooler will be in possession of the public and probably not until then will the greater number of its uses be discovered. At present it is easy to picture a number of them. They will be made in sizes suitable for cooling rooms at home; fever patients tossing on the couches in the hospitals will be cooled by them; cold storage pantries will be built in every new house and equipped with gravity coolers; hotels, in spite of not being located on the seashore, can furnish coolness to their guests. Cool railway trains and cool theatres; cool factories and cool churches—they all come in the list.

It is a remarkable fact that Professor Moore did no experimenting. He evolved his theories, many of which presented themselves to him years ago, and built the machine which stands today the property of the United States Department of Agriculture of which the Weather Bureau is a branch. Free use of the patent has been assigned to the Department.

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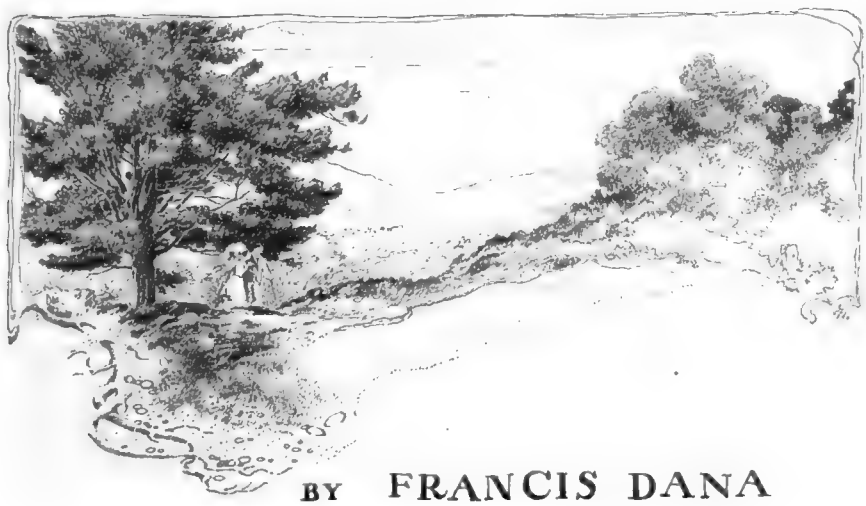
LOVE, LAW AND THE LINE



BY FRANCIS DANA

ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS. EDW. HOOPER.

Half in the Bay State, half in the Granite, lies a quiet town of few inhabitants and no fame beyond its own limits.

As there are other towns so placed, the map will not reveal the secret of its name, here withheld in deference to Selinda, and out of regard for the feelings of Zenas Roach—also through pity for Lemuel Hines, who has suffered enough to be spared further notoriety.

Edwards would not care: he was only a sojourner. Selinda taught the North District School and sang in the South Church choir.

Born on the South Side, she gave proud allegiance to the Commonwealth, and regarded her teaching in New Hampshire as a mission to the unenlightened.

She was a clean-cut, precise young woman, conventional according to her lights, severe but lovely to look at, a hope and a sorrow to men on both sides of the line.

As a rule, she froze the spring of affection as soon as she detected it. "Selindy's be'n a-lookin' at the scenery," said Sills the carpenter to Pills the doctor one very frosty morning, and the doctor laughed rather sadly, because he, too, had been blighted by that efficient young lady, and knew just how Sills felt.

There were two young men, however, whom Selinda did not absolutely discourage.

It may have been the affinity of opposites that enabled her to endure Zenas Roach. He was a long, rawboned, slouchy, ignorant, awkward farmer of the North End; not such a bad fellow, however, and he surrendered himself to Selinda, submitted to her small cruelties, regarded her wishes, and tried to please her with a loyalty that made her rather fond of him in spite of herself.

Lemuel Hines was a very different kind of lover. He was one of those peculiar products of the small New England town who can do a little of everything pretty well, who have a certain amount of education, who can always make a living, who never overwork themselves or stick long to one occupation, who dabble in local politics, who trade horses and swap watches, who are always ready to do anything for anybody, who buy here and sell there, and gain a trifle by every transaction—in short, he was "smart."

He was all things to all men, and had an easy knack of getting into a man's confidence or a girl's fancy.

He would have been an easy favorite among the sorrowful and blighted, who took a melancholy consolation in betting on the chances of their more successful rivals for Selinda's hand, but for the one fact, not to

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"BITTERLY RESUMED THE BAD PLUG-TOBACCO HABIT."

be overlooked, that Selinda preferred Zenas Roach.

Lemuel, being a fairly skilful lover and a good hater of the quiet, able kind, stopped adoring Selinda, and went in for a warm friendship with Zenas, that he might keep as near both as possible while he waited for his chance.

It was Edwards that brought the golden opportunity. He came to spend the summer in the town. It was his custom, on arriving in a new place, to pick out the prettiest available girl in the community, and treat her with warm, but temporary devotion.

He selected Selinda, and Selinda was not sorry to be selected.

She "went with" Edwards, while poor Zenas bitterly resumed the bad plug-tobacco habit of which she had cured him.

Lemuel Hines made himself very agreeable to Edwards. He could tell a great many very bad stories quite well, and kept Edwards amused, which is perhaps as great a claim on a man's gratitude as any.

With only one rival he had been at a loss, with two his work would be comparatively easy. He adopted the Roman policy of encouraging the contestants to annihilate each other, and then acting as residuary legatee to both.

He had once been employed in a lawyer's office on the South Side, and there had learned enough law to do a good deal of mischief.

After due deliberation he went to Zenas Roach.

"Zenas," said he, "I don't mind being second best, but third best is worse than I can go."

"How so?" said Zenas.

"I mean this, and I say it in friendship to you, Zenas. You cut me out fair and square with Selinda, and that was all right. But I don't like to see *you* cut out by a city dandy like that Edwards, that she's only known a week or two, and doing nothing to save her from him. Are you going to let clothes and money get her away from you? 'Tisn't jealousy, Zenas. I ain't that

"LIGHTLY LEAPING THE FENCE AND GATHERING IN PEACHES."

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kind. I feel about it as if she was my own sister."

Zenas sighed like a cow.

"I dunno," said he, "mebbbe I've kinder be'n hopin' 'at mebbe she was jest a-playin' on him. Womenfolks does act that way—times."

Lemuel Hines shook his head.

"Zenas, Zenas, I thought you knew her better'n that! You know as well as I do she ain't that kind!"

"Thet's so, Lemuel. I dew! So she ain't!" said Zenas. "But what be I a-goin' t' dew about it? It's her say."

"Spoil his chance with her," said Lemuel Hines, "and save her."

"Y-a-as. But how?"

"Show him up."

"TWO SHE HAD EATEN, THE REST SHE BROUGHT INDIGNANTLY FROM THE HOUSE, AND DELIVERED TO THE DEPUTY SHERIFF."

"How'n time be I a-goin' t' show him up? Hain't done nothin' t' be showed up fer, hez he?"

"S'pose he was to be prosecuted for a crime—stealing, say—don't you know she'd chuck him?"

"Chuck him? She'd shake him off 'n' stomp on him like he was a spider-bug," said Zenas. "Has he stole?"

"Those city folks are pretty apt to think we hayseeds haven't got any rights, and make free with our things. Haven't you noticed it, Zenas?"

"Wal', a guess a hev'!" said Zenas. "What's *he* be'n a-stealin' of? Seems most tew good t' be true!"

"M—nothing—yet. He will. He's going to steal fruit."

"Fruit? Fruit ain't nothin'. Folks alwers takes fruit. Selindy wouldn't think nothin' o' thet. Pshaw!"

"Folks don't always get hauled up and convicted of larceny for it, though. That's what'll count, with Selinda. A man can steal and steal and brag about it to a girl, and she thinks it's a kind of game. Calls it *pinching* things, or ragging 'em, and she laughs at it. But get him into court and call it larceny, and she thinks he's a thief and a jail-bird. See?

"Now he's going to steal some of your fruit—and you're going to have him arrested for larceny—and tried and found guilty. *Guilty!*"

"But I ain't got no fruit t' steal—not yet—'tain't ripe 'nuff—and how d' ye know he'd take it ef I hed?"

"Be easy. You'll have some. And he'll take it fast enough. I'll look after all that."

"I hate goin' t' law," said Zenas.

"Don't fret. I'll take care of you. You'll go to law fast enough—to save Selinda and show that fellow up! You leave it to me and do what I say—for *her*."

So it was left to Lemuel Hines, with results.

A few days later Lemuel invited Edwards to go and visit the centenarian, which Edwards, who had never met a centenarian, was glad to do.

On the way home they passed the farm of Zenas Roach. As they went by the house, they saw spread out in the yard on the grass some of the most luscious peaches imaginable, brought up the day before from the Boston market.

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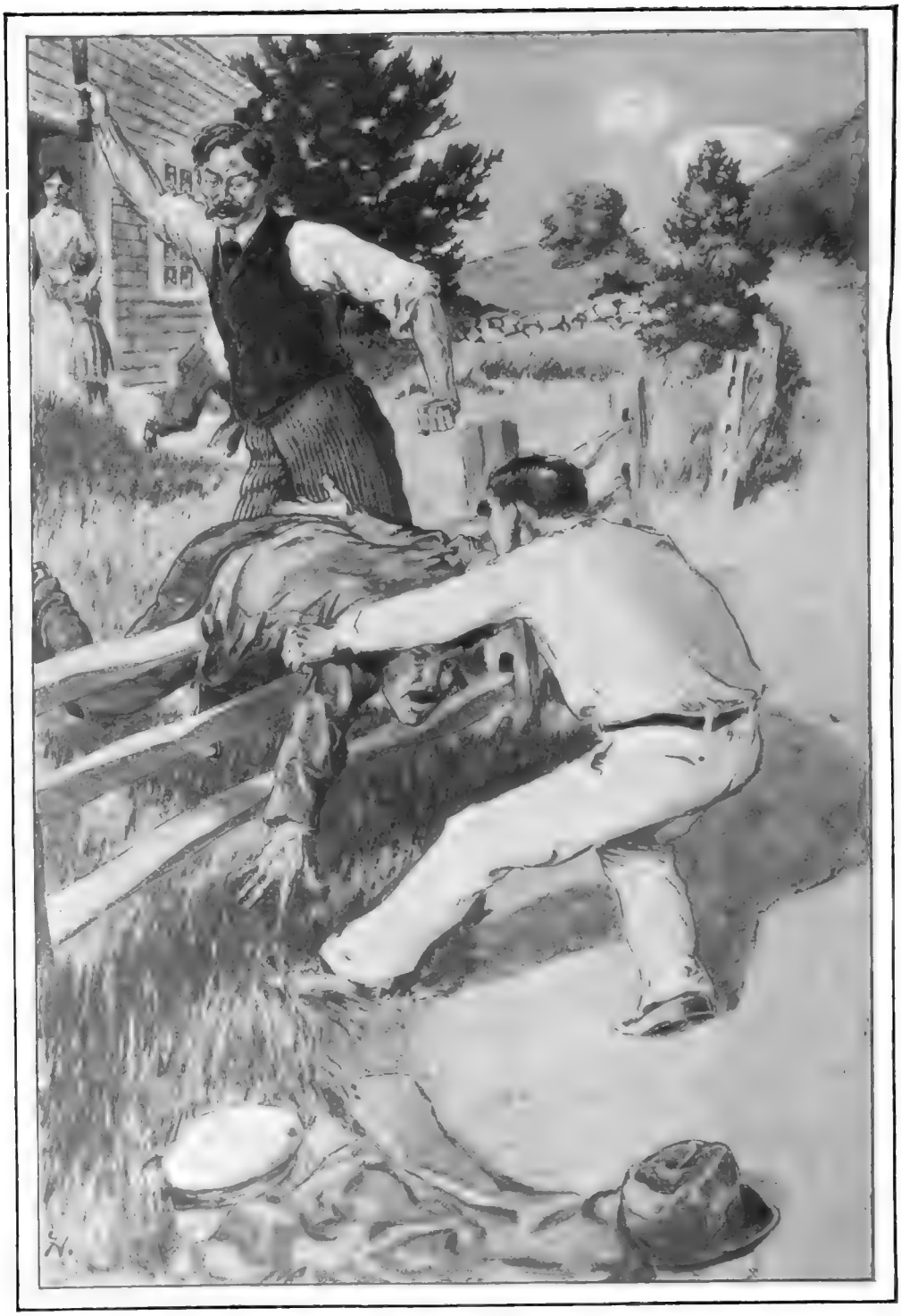

"ZENAS SWUNG THE BLACK RULER."

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"REJOICED WITH HIM AT THE DOWNFALL OF EDWARDS."

"Hullo!" said Edwards, "I never knew they grew peaches up here. Early, too."

"Peaches; oh, yes. I must buy a few of those. Selinda's very fond of them," said Lemuel Hines.

"Oh! let *me* get 'em," said Edwards. But Lemuel was already ringing the door-bell.

"What do they keep 'em out on the lawn for?" said Edwards.

"Just to let the sun put the last touch of bloom on 'em," said Lemuel.

No one came to the door. "Hi! Hullo there! Farmer! Farmer!" cried Lemuel.

There was no answer to this, which was a signal to Zenas Roach.

"Well," said Lemuel, "I can't raise anybody. It's too bad. Selinda must go without her peaches this time."

"Yes; I don't think," said Edwards, lightly leaping the fence and gathering in peaches as he spoke.

"Oh, I wouldn't do *that!*" said Lemuel.

"*I* would," said Edwards. "'Only the brave,' 'Peaches to the peach.' I'm what they call up here a 'good provider'—'forehanded,' so to speak. No lady shall lack peaches in my presence."

Zenas and his hired man had seen this from cover.

Edwards was to take Selinda to drive that afternoon.

Selinda, on account of her school, lived north of the line, within New Hampshire jurisdiction.

At her very door he was arrested, having already presented her with the peaches.

Two she had eaten, the rest she brought indignantly from the house, and delivered to the deputy sheriff, who shared Edwards's dog-cart in Selinda's stead that day.

"It is fortunate," said Lemuel Hines to Selinda, "that you were not arrested as a receiver of stolen goods. Of course you could have proved your innocence fast enough—but it would have been a trial for you."

This remark brought home to Selinda a full sense of the disgraceful nature of Edwards's performance.

She felt herself connected in the town gossip with a criminal and his crime.

It was in vain that Edwards asserted his willingness at all times to pay for the peaches. The fact remained that he had stolen them. He was taken before a justice of the peace, held for the Grand Jury, and released on bail.

"There's one of 'em done for—now the other follows easy," said Lemuel Hines.

Zenas sat on his door-step, smoking his evening pipe. To him came Lemuel and rejoiced with him at the downfall of Edwards.

"Selinda's all right now!" said he. "She may have been stuck on his style, but she'll never let on that she had any tender feelings for a criminal. Your way's clear."

"You bet," said Zenas. "Larceny! *Petty* larceny, too. Don't it sound mean?"

"And what riles her most is that he gave 'em to her," said Lemuel. "She's yours."

"I don't begrudge what I paid out for them peaches—not one mite, I don't," said Zenas. "She's wuth it."

"Say, Zenas," said Lemuel, "that was a good investment in more ways than one—if you want to make it so. It'll pay for a new set o' furniture to begin housekeeping with."

"How so?"

"Do you remember how your uncle, Elder Simeon Roach, played it on Bella Harvey?"

"I've heerd him tell on it more'n forty times—more'n fifty, b'gosh!" said Zenas. "How the Elder did useter laff when th'

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recollection come over him! He'd be a settin' quiet like—he was a great hand to meditate, Elder was—an' all of a suddin' he'd up 'n' slap his leg an' holler out a-laffin' t' split. Then he'd tell as how he'd jest happened to recollect 'bout Bella Harvey."

"Well—now Zenas, you just do a little meditating yourself, and you'll see something to please you. You've got Edwards just where the Elder had Bella."

"So a hev—b'gosh! So a hev!" shouted Zenas. "Elder ketched Bella doin' of some unlawful crime, an' hed him held fer the Gran' Jury, jest like I hev Edwards. An' he up an' says to Bella, 'I'm a-goin' ter prosecute ye, but I'm a forgivin' man,' says he, 'an' ef you pay me good money, I'll drop it.' A hundred—wa'n't it? An' Bella, he paid all he hed, an' give the Elder a mortgage on his farm fer th' rest."

"Just so," said Lemuel. "Don't you think you could be as forgiving as the Elder, and let Edwards go for, say, two hundred? He don't care for money—he's got all he can spend—and he everlastingly hates to go into court for larceny."

"B'gum, I'll do it!" said Zenas. "It's a safe thing."

It certainly looked like a safe thing, and would have been if Lemuel had not made use of the Massachusetts line as small boys use a wire to trip up the hasty and nearsighted.

He went to Edwards and said, "It's too bad—too bad; but I advised you not to do it."

"I know it," said Edwards, "but who'd ever have dreamed of that fellow having me arrested? If he'd come to me I'd have gladly paid for his disgusting peaches ten times over. I offered to—but the vindictive brute will have his pound of flesh."

"You don't see into his scheme," said Lemuel. "I happen to know that he means to offer to drop the thing if you'll pay him two hundred dollars. That's where his business head comes in."

"The only objection to that is that he'll get the two hundred. I don't mind losing it—but I don't want him to be too happy," said Edwards. "But he can have it. I'll pay anything to get rid of this suit."

"You won't pay a cent—not a red cent!" said Lemuel warmly. "And he'll have to drop it whether he likes it or not—if he makes that offer and you work him right. Now listen. Don't make any advances, and don't talk to him north of the line. Be sure and let the offer come from him, and have him make it in the south end of town, and you've got him. Your best way is to get him to meet you at Lawyer Briggs's office, and make his offer there."

"Why?" said Edwards.

"Come to Briggs's now and I'll show

"'HERE'S YOUR WARRANT, THERE'S YOUR MAN!' SAID MR. BRIGGS."

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you, and we'll have it ready for him," said Lemuel Hines.

A few days later Zenas came by appointment to the office of Lawyer Briggs.

"Now," said Edwards, "what's your proposition, Mr. Roach?"

"I'm a-goin' t' put you through fer thet lasseny o' yourn—petty lasseny—unless you pay me two hunderd dollars down. Ef you pay me two hunderd, down, I'll drop th' matter an' not appear agin ye."

"Does that seem satisfactory to you, Mr. Briggs?" said Edwards.

"Perfectly! Entirely so! Thank you, Mr. Roach! Tillinghast, make out the necessary papers, will you?"

Tillinghast, the lawyer's clerk, scribbled diligently for a few moments on a blank, and then came over and swore that his scribbling was true to the best of his knowledge and belief. Then Mr. Briggs did some scribbling of his own, and called out, "Tandy!" "Sir," said a man, coming from the inner office. "Here's your warrant, there's your man!" said Mr. Briggs, handing the paper to Tandy and pointing at Zenas Roach.

"Mr. Roach," he added, "any attempt to extort money or make any person do any act against his will by threat of prosecution constitutes the crime of blackmail."

"I know better," said Zenas. "I done jest what my uncle, Elder Simeon Roach, done, an' told of fer years after—an' you know it, Lawyer Briggs."

"I remember about Elder Simeon," said Briggs, with a dry chuckle. "Elder Simeon did the very same thing, and was a credit to the town, a pillar of the North End meetin'-house, and is a fragrant memory to this day. You do just what Elder Simeon did, and you're a felon, and liable to some few years' imprisonment. Know why?"

"No, a don't know why! Quit yer foolin', Tandy, an' leggo o' me."

"Because," said Briggs, "Elder Simeon did his extortion north of the line, and you attempted yours in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, sir! Blackmail is a civic virtue in New Hampshire—in the Bay State it's a crime, sir! Take him away, Tandy."

And he who consults the statutes of the two States will see that Mr. Briggs was right.

Perhaps Zenas might never have been convicted. Perhaps he might. At all events, the justice held him under bonds for the Grand Jury.

It was enough for Selinda, and Lemuel Hines felt that he had earned the lady well.

The summer passed away, and autumn found the two criminals still awaiting trial.

One day they met, north of the line, and talked the matter over. Meanwhile Lemuel had been trying, not without good hope of success, to revive Selinda's faith in man.

One day he met her at the school-house door. The yard was full of children.

She and Lemuel were so interested in each other's conversation that they did not see two stalwart forms coming along the road from opposite directions.

The two forms were keeping a mutual appointment. They were Edwards and Zenas. They arrived and loomed large among the children in the school-yard.

The children stopped to gaze at the two notorious criminals. There was a hush and whispering.

It was Edwards who laid mighty hands upon the arms of Lemuel Hines. It was Zenas Roach who went into the school-house and brought out the long, black ruler that Selinda used at times remembered of the children.

Then Edwards drew Lemuel to the low fence between the school-yard and the road, stepped lightly over, and pulled his captive half-way across, so that he lay bent, face downward. Zenas swung the black ruler—a sharp succession of sounds like pistol-shots started the stillness.

Then there was a short stay of proceedings while Zenas exchanged places with Edwards, who renewed the application.

This being done, the two criminals, having restored Lemuel to an upright posture and the ruler to the desk, walked away as silently as they had come, arm in arm.

They took no heed of Selinda.

She never married. To be sure, no indictment was found against either of the criminals, for neither complainant appeared. She might have forgiven them, but neither asked her.

In regard to Lemuel Hines, it appeared to Selinda that worse things may befall a man than being indicted, and she never spoke to him again.

Her faith in man irrevocably lost, she lives, a confirmed spinster, well preserved, with a mind full of Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, and bitter memories.

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TANGLED UP IN BEULAH LAND.

By an Author.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

According to Madame Petunia Dewey, a woman of the world and half-sister of Rufus, the latter is "only related to" his "Club and his Son." Suspecting this son to have a growing tenderness for some theatrical unknown, Rufus seeks advice from his half-sister. Charlie also has an anxious interview with Madame Petunia concerning his father's failings in the matter of a certain Madame Coldcream. It so happens that at this time Rufus receives a most opportune letter inviting him with his son to make an old friend, the Doctor, a visit to the country. With model unselfishness, each considering such a visit to be a capital cure for the other's malady, they set off together on a May day, and arrive at Tuskaloo, Penn., called by the Doctor "Beulah Land," where the sly Doctor's tangle, like vaccine, soon begins to take with an energy unsuspected save, perhaps, by the ingenuous Polly, the Doctor's niece, and Io her friend, the first managing Rufus, the second, Charlie. But Rufus, confiding his troubles to Polly, finds that she is the very young woman from whose influence he thought to have removed Charlie when bringing him to the country. They soon mend this misunderstanding and return amicably to the house, only to find that a Mr. Fancher has proposed to the Doctor for Io's hand and been refused. Rufus discusses his own situation with Charlie, and has just determined to forget Madame Coldcream, when the Doctor announces that Madame Petunia and Madame Coldcream, accepting Fancher's invitation to the annual tournament of the club at Tuskaloo, are to be his (the Doctor's) guests. On the way to the tournament, Rufus' proposal that Polly shall marry either himself or Charlie is accepted. As for the latter, he is safe enough for Io, until, presto! she elopes with Fancher, whereupon Charlie nonchalantly fixes his attention on Polly.

XII.—POLLY UNTANGLED.

THE morning after this unexpected and unpardonable escapade of Io's broke rainy and leaden. I must have over-slept myself owing to the sombre light of my chamber. I stood at my open window and listened to the rain. It was pattering with steady persistency on the rose vines and running in rivulets from the porches. It was one of those Summer rains that come now and then in June and July and that have a reminder of April and a presage of September in them—something passed and something chilly approaching. I looked into the adjoining chamber. It was empty. Then I proceeded to attire myself in the most disconnected manner, sitting on the edge of the bed with one shoe on my foot and the other in my hand—listening to the rain and trying to recall what it was I said to Polly in the phaeton.

These Summer rains that borrow the melancholy of October and pour it steadily for hours out of unlit skies have an occult retroactive effect. They suggest a chillyness that does not exist. They make you huddle and remember. You light wood-fires in the large rooms, but they burn pallidly and spit reproachfully—like things born out of season—and your convivial circle falls into commonplaces of impatience and supposed "this has set in for a week," and, being in the country, thinks of the roads.

However, the weather is often singularly apropos, and at this time it was only trying to supplement the chill that had settled on the group in the Doctor's establishment. I could hear a monotone of voices in the room beneath and I learned when I came downstairs that *He* and Mother were having it out behind locked doors. A slight oscillation suggested that the Doctor was walking the floor and a lack of femininity in the tones implied that Mother had her fingers on her lips.

No coffee in the hall. I looked at the bare little table and wondered if it was intentional or accidental. I tried the porch. The rain blew in upon it and when I turned the corner a wet blast smote me and I buttoned up my coat. The prospect was shivery and dripping. Recreant Nature that had been saying for so many days, "When you get tired of each other come out here to me—I have zithers and tabernacles and com-

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panionship"—now seemed to wear a vindictive spite and say, "Fall back on your humanities, you miserable overweening mortals!"

It is at such times that the overweening mortals have a fine opportunity to snap their fingers in the face of Nature and laugh at its storm caprices, and mortals now and then avail themselves of it with all the exuberant authority of Lords and Masters. We all remember hours when Boreas only incited us to defiant revelry. We have, most of us, been shut up by the weather at some time in big rambling isolated houses where we were besieged by storms. And what a jolly contemptuous defence we made of it. How we heaped up the logs and laughed through the frosty panes at the snow-drifts and the cohorts of Winter. What games we played, what forfeits we paid and exacted. We never heard the shriek of the wind, or, if we did it only spurred our merry-making. What a shame it is that we lose our power of resistance as we get wiser.

But the breakfast? O yes, we assembled at the breakfast table. But we seemed to have arranged a tacit agreement to preserve the relations of guests and host and not disturb any family secrets. It was evident that the Doctor and Mother had assumed an extra air of polite formality. They spoke rather elaborately about the weather and the Doctor seemed to think it was a subject that we ought to consider specially interesting.

There was Io's empty chair on one side and Polly's on the other. Charlie came in a little out of breath, made an apology for keeping us waiting and sat down next to one of the empty chairs and took up the theme of the weather as if he had been cramming for it. How my voluble and thoroughly feminine half-sister managed to fit herself to the prohibitory reticences of that breakfast, I do not know. But women measure the social atmosphere with inscrutable nicety, and she and Madame Coldcream spoke of the necessity of hurrying back to New York with as cool a recognition of a change in the weather as if there had been a bankruptcy in the family, to which the Doctor regretted that their engagements were such that they could not stay, such weather was enough to drive even a philosopher to the city. Charlie looked up at me, as if he expected me to go with the ladies. But I was not giving special heed to the drift of commonplace, and so the breakfast came to an end, and everybody had a disposition to go off where nobody would interfere with the individual glumness. Nevertheless I seized my estimable half-sister by the arm, just as she had gathered her skirts for an exit up the stairs.

"Petunia," I said, "come into the parlor a moment, there is no good reason why you and I should congeal."

"Congeal," she repeated, dropping her skirts. "I feel as if I were in a refrigerator. Your friend regards me as a traitor in the bosom of his family—and the worst of it is, I suppose I am."

"Nonsense. He is generally disgruntled. He will get over it in a day or two."

"Are you going to stay and wait for it?" she asked.

"I am not going to do anything rash. Let me advise you to wait till the weather changes, and not rush off in this storm."

We walked into the parlor and stood at one of the windows, looking unobservantly out at the steady downpour.

"You see," she said, "the Doctor suspects me of having a hand in this folly of Io's. But he does me a great injustice. I had only a finger in it. There, there! do keep quiet a moment if you want me to tell you. I had an inkling of Mr. Fancher's infatuation, and as I thought your duckling might be similarly ensnared I thought I'd run down here and if necessary throw my weight in with your son's. It took me just about half an hour to understand that Charlie was not in the race, and so I kept my mouth shut and let Nature take its course, but I did not suppose that the maiden would go flying off like a lunatic after that picnic. Let me tell you that it is a precious good thing that Fancher's got her and not your son. You had better pack your satchel and come back with me, now that the farce is ended. I must go and change my dress. Do you know anything about that three o'clock train?—perhaps you think by staying here there will be another elopement—men get morbid by letting their minds dwell on these things."

"You must not go off on that three o'clock way-train. Wait till morning, there's a through express stops for water at ten. I must straighten out matters with the Doctor. If I fail I'll go with you in the morning."

My efforts to patch up matters did not begin promisingly. My sister did not like

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the idea of staying over another night, and she hurried off to change her dress. I called her back.

"If you would not be in such a fussy hurry," I said, "I might be induced to go with you. Why not listen to me?"

"I cannot imagine what there is to listen to," she replied. "I am anxious to get back. You are not."

"How do you know? I am beginning to feel uncomfortable here. The Doctor feels sore at what has happened and thinks I and Charley could have prevented it. Charlie half suspects that I want to go back on Mme. Coldcream's account. Mother is piqued because she thinks I tried to interfere with her scheme. Polly believes that I and the Doctor wanted Charlie to marry Io, and you think I am a fool for interfering with Charlie's infatuation in New York. You see I have much more reason to clear out than you have, but I preserve my equanimity and look at matters calmly."

"Yes, considering that you have fallen in love with Polly yourself, you *do* preserve a certain air of indifference."

"Oh, come now——"

"It is as plain as a pike staff, whatever that is. I don't wonder the Doctor expected you to use your parental influence in marrying off your son to Io. I should think you would feel rather cheap about it after all you said to me in New York of your son's folly. You do, don't you, when Charlie is about? I notice you are not much together."

This speech nettled me—perhaps on account of the truth in it.

"Oh, if you feel that way about the matter," I said, "perhaps the least we say about it the better. If it hadn't been for your mischievous suggestion about Mme. Coldcream, Charlie and I would have retained our confidence in each other to the end."

"Had you taken my suggestion," replied Petunia, "your son could not have helped himself."

"True, we should have both been helpless."

Then she went up the stairs.

How it did rain! I poked about in the empty rooms aimlessly. Everything in the old house seemed to have quit business. There was an open book on the library table beside the big chair. "Howitt's Cranberry Culture." Faugh! It sounded marshy and wet. I sat down and let my thoughts wander off to the comfortable club in the city. While I sat there the Doctor came in and, seeing me, shut the library door. He looked so much like a bull that I could not help taking him by the horns, as it were:

"You are pretty badly smashed up by this business, Doctor," I said.

He took out his bandanna and wiped the rain from his face.

"If there is anything that I have set great store on all my life," he said, "it is honesty and fair dealing among friends."

"True, in that we are one," I replied encouragingly.

"Not at all! Not at all!" and he began fumbling in his breast pocket for the letter I wrote him from New York.

I held up my hand.

"Why go back to that," I said. "Let us deal with the present. I am as completely taken aback by what has occurred as you are."

"You speak as if some one had deceived you too."

"If anyone has deceived you, Doctor, it was not me. I am surprised at your imputation."

"There's your letter," he replied, throwing it on the table. "You had better refresh your mind."

"About what?"

"See here, my old friend," he said, "if you think you have treated me with exact fairness, I am not going to disturb your conviction. We can at least disagree about some things without forgetting our present relations as host and guest."

I felt my cheek burn a little as I got up and we stood facing each other across the table.

"Doctor," I exclaimed impulsively, "our relations as guest and host need not interfere with the expression of our opinions of each other. The relations can cease from this moment if you desire more latitude of suspicion."

"My share of the relation forbids me to reply in kind," he said. "You are in my house."

"Perhaps that is unfortunate, but it is not irremediable. I beg your pardon, but nothing is easier than to readjust our relations if it will give you a better command of language."

Then I took two steps toward the door and came face to face with Charlie.

"Ah, there you are, my boy," I said.

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"Just in time, we go back at three. Get your things together."

He looked from me to the Doctor who had walked to the window and was examining the barometer with his back towards us.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"We have forfeited the Doctor's respect because we let Mr. Fancher carry off Miss Io."

"Pardon me," said the Doctor, turning round. "Do you think that is a fair explanation?"

"I think it is accurate," I replied.

"It isn't anything of the sort. Charlie, my boy," he said, striding over and putting his hand on my son's shoulder, "I had great hopes of you. I didn't think that you would permit yourself to be beaten in a game of this kind."

Charlie hung his head a little.

"Speak up," I said. "What's the matter with you?"

"I don't know," said Charlie, "unless it is that I am one of those fellows who do not know when they are beaten."

"Well, if you do not know it by this time you never will, and I give you up. Between the lot of you I must look like a consummate old guy. But I deserve it. I deserve it, for meddling with such tomfoolery at my age."

Then the Doctor went over and looked at the barometer again with his back toward us, and I really believe the old savage was affected. It is astonishing how much pathos a man can put into his back. For a moment I felt sorry for the Doctor who, having lost a choice piece of bric-a-brac, must look bereaved even in the rear. I could imagine how a man must suffer who is robbed of a Fortuny that has gladdened him for years. It was not the moment to speak to him about carrying off his remaining picture.

"Doctor," I said, "it is very unfortunate that you and I should allow a misunderstanding of so trivial a nature to strain the friendship of years."

"Trivial!" he exclaimed, "Confound it, Sir, it goes to my marrow. A man at my age doesn't like to be made a monkey of. I told you why I had set my mind on this thing and was weak enough to believe that you understood my position in the matter."

"I believe I did."

"See here!" he shouted. "You ought to know that what I was trying to do was to keep together a little group that I had gathered about me in my decline. It was the only thing I had to live for down here. A man hates to see his work all go to pieces when he takes his hand off. Confound that ungrateful baggage—after all I have done for her. Gentlemen, I feel as if I had lost a leg; I should think you would have some sympathy for me."

At that moment the sun broke out and came in a deep yellow shaft through the bay window. Everything outside sparkled and danced in prismatic splendor. And then, as if it were part of it, came the voice of Polly—that same roulading exultation. We looked at each other a second, and the Doctor opened the sash.

"You have Polly, Doctor," I said.

"Have I?" he snapped. "How long will I have her, do you suppose? How long will I have anything?"

"Call her in and ask her," said Charlie, with appropriate imbecility.

She must have glittered into view, for we heard her say, "Come out on the gravel, there's a rainbow."

"You come in here, you infatuated tree-toad, I want to chain you down," cried the Doctor, and a moment later she appeared at the door, looking as if she had brought the rainbow with her. She gave one quick look at the solemn trio, let out a gurgle and then clapping her hand on her mouth tried to look solemn like the rest of us.

"Polly," I said, jumping into the breach, "the Doctor has lost one of his girls, and he wants to feel assured that he will not lose the other."

"O, the other don't count," said Polly demurely.

"None of your twitters," cried the Doctor.

"Pardon me, Doctor," I said. "This goes to my marrow. Pray be serious. I had the privilege of asking this young lady if, in a certain contingency, she would be my wife. Her reply was remarkable."

"It couldn't be as remarkable as the question." said the Doctor.

"Why not? Her answer was, 'Yes, Sir.'"

"It was quite safe. He knew I was engaged already," simpered Polly.

"Engaged, were you, already!" snorted the Doctor—"and under my very eyes?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Polly, hanging her head. "I couldn't marry both of them. He must have known that, and besides"—said the minx, dropping her head lower and looking out of the corner of her eye at Charlie—"either one would do."

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"You see, Doctor," said Charlie, "I couldn't help myself when it was a question of saving my Dad. I promised his sister, my aunt, to look after him down here."

"That's all you want of me, isn't it?" asked Polly, edging off towards the door.

"Come back here, you inscrutable jack-o'lantern," shouted the Doctor. "So you are going to marry Charlie are you?"

"Either Charlie or his father," said Polly, putting her hands over her eyes as if to shut out the prospect. "Why not let them settle it between them?"

"Very well," ejaculated the Doctor, sitting down helplessly. "Go it. Clear out, all of you, and leave me to my dogs. Here, come here, you twittering ingrate"—and he pulled out a drawer of his writing table—"Here, take these with you, I bought them for Iσ," and he pulled out two or three little boxes.

She floated over somehow and got her arm round the old man's neck.

"I am not going away. Nobody's going away. Everybody's going to stay, till it's over,—and I'm going to stay after it is—for keeps. You can't drive me out."

"Nor me," said Charlie.

I took a full breath. "Nor me," I added quite resolutely.

The Doctor looked a little baffled and helpless for the first time in his life, so I went over and extended my hand.

"Old friend," I said, "there's one comfort left to us. If we cannot be fathers again at our age, let us be father's -in-law. What do you say?"

"Say, yes," whispered Polly in his ear.

He gave me his hand.

"Wait a moment," cried Polly. "I'll go up and stop the packing."

And she did. We all stayed.

Charlie is staying there yet. He is raising cranberries.

THE END.

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A VERMONT FARMHOUSE.

A. R. Dugmore.

THE DAY'S WORK OF A NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

By Holman F. Day.

"Hear the chorus in that tie-up! Runch, ger-runch and runch and runch!
There's a row of honest critters; does me good to hear 'em munch.
Down to our house we wear patches—honest patches, though, and neat,
But we'd rather have the patches than to skinch on what we eat.
Lots of work and grub to back ye—that's a mighty wholesome creed;
Critters first, s'r, that's my motto—give the critters all they need.
And to hear 'em give ye greetin' with their jolly little blat
When ye open up o' mornin's, ah, there's comfort, friend, in that.
As ye've prob'ly sometimes noticed, when his cattle hate a man
Ye'll discover that his neighbors size him up on that same plan.
But for me there's nothin' better than this here: to understand
That a dozen honest critters owe their comfort to my hand."

Wallace Nutting.

FEEDIN' stock, that's a chore by which you can gauge the character of any New England farmer. The best type of Yankee soil-toiler is the man who does his chores whole-heartedly. By the way, the most difficult chore that confronts him is the struggle to keep his boy-crop on the farm. In New England about all the boys want to go to college and grow to be—well, almost anything except a farmer. If the boys would stay on the farm the chore question would be simplified by division and coöperation. But the typical Farmer Jones is obliged to rout out at peep o' day—with his hired man, if he has one—and do his chores as trimmings to the rest of his busy day's work.

He may groan, as he "galluses up" his baggy-kneed trousers, "Oh, where is my wandering boy to-day?" No word comes from the ell chamber. The boy is away somewhere getting rich or famous. When the old folks die he will take the farm for a summer home, and spend his vacations there in a hammock, and wonder annually why the "Lady Blush" apples don't taste as well as they used to when he dug the wind-

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falls out of the dewy grass o' mornings. In those days 'twould have been an early worm indeed who could have forestalled the early boy.

When the country summer boarder within the gates hears dad rummaging around at four in the morning, he makes a fresh dent in the depths of the spare-room feather-bed, and wonders how a cow or horse can

A. R. Dugmore.

FELLING A SUGAR MAPLE ON A VERMONT FARM.

get up any appetite at that unearthly hour. If he were there in the winter season his wonder would be accentuated.

The sun doesn't gild the snow-armored hills until after six o'clock; but the winking stars of the hard winter sky behold the lantern beam flickering between the striding legs of the farmer on his way to the barn at four o'clock. A fresh summer morning at four isn't bad. The birds will not allow one to sleep, anyway. But a winter morning before light—nails snapping in the frost, the hearth dismally cold, facets of the frost-wreaths on the panes winking back the lamplight in the chamber where the farmer is hunching on his clothing; cattle's nostrils steaming in the tie-up like high-pressure exhaust pipes, and the pump frozen—a winter morning on the farm at chore time has not yet been enthusiastically sung by a poet who was born on the farm.

In the summer, Farmer Jones, up to do a pretty fair day's work in the chore line before breakfast, has good excuse for his previousness. The cows hanker for the sweet pasture-grasses, and the more grass the more milk. The hens are plaintively "craw-w-wing" for their hot bran mash. The horses need plenty of time for their breakfast, so as to be ready for the field at six o'clock. Mother wants to handle the milk in the cool of the morning, and dad finds that a day of field work commencing ere the dew-sparkles are off the grass is a day all too short, after all.

And in the winter time—well, he is accustomed to getting up early in the summer time! Furthermore, contrary to the opinion of some persons, the duties of a New England farmer do not allow him to den up in the winter and comfortably consume his substance like a chipmunk.

The old New England stock of farmers believes in "feeding well." That is a chore that comes first of all. So Farmer Jones sets his lantern on a beam, pushes forkful after forkful of rustling hay into the mangers, and pours the sweet-dusted meal and cracked corn before the drooling creatures that are snorting and scuffling in hungry anticipation. Then he sits down in the dusky linter, brow against the warm flank of a cow, and drums steaming, criss-cross streams into the pail that mother keeps ever so spotlessly shining. A farmer who enjoys the companionship and comfort of his beasts can get plenty of comfort for himself out of the contented riot of teeth along the rows of the stanchions, as he sits there and milks. There's something in the sound that gives him a relish for his own breakfast that mother is setting on the table—fried ham and warmed-over biscuit and steaming coffee.

If any one dared to be impertinent he might inquire here whose chore it is to build the kitchen fire, dad's or mother's? I don't think it is any one's business—especially if dad keeps the wood-box well filled, and is careful to have a few dry birch sticks for kindlings, chopped fine and tucked down at one end of the box. The New Englander who fails to keep at least one year ahead on wood supply is reckoned shiftless.

And speaking of wood, the farmer who

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doesn't get down to business at daylight while working up his wood-pile in the winter needs advice. Wood is sawed most easily when the sun is high and the snow is melting. But in splitting—to have the chunks cleave like an ice-cake at every plock of the axe, take the wood in the early morning while the green sticks are frozen hard. Therefore, after all, we now behold a good reason for getting out of bed betimes in the winter.

Breakfast isn't a meal to be dallied over.

Wallace Nutting.

FARMER BOY ON HIS WAY TO WORK.

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Farmer Jones pours his coffee into his saucer to hasten the cooling process, and swoofs it up with a relish. He probably demands "meat vittles" three times a day, for the New England farmer needs to be hearty if he is to stand up under his work. He usually pushes away and leaves mother still at the table, and that is considered no breach of courtesy on the New England farm any more than is sitting at table in shirt-sleeves. The fact is, mother generally wants the men-folks out from under foot as soon as possible. The milk is waiting, the dishes are to be washed, beds made, sweeping, cooking, churning, mending, and all the rest of the household fubbings for the day are looming ahead, and the sooner the men-folks are "done traipsing through" the better content is mother.

So Farmer Jones takes his old black pipe from the dented tin box on the mantel, stands astride with his back to the kitchen fire, gnaws off a pipeful of tobacco with a smeared and gummy knife-blade, stuffs the bowl with his gnarled thumb, and is off to the field, trailing blue wisps of smoke.

Farmer Jones always looks with approving eye on his sweet corn patch as he skirts its rustling borders. He planted that for the canning shop, and it is one of the very few crops that can be reckoned on to a certainty to bring the hard cash just when he is looking for it. It is ready money middle of September. One never can tell what the potato market may be, nor how long they must be held. Apples, grain, and the other crops—the uncertainty is there. But sweet corn must be canned at a certain time, and when it is canned the money is paid.

There's another reason why Farmer Jones eyes the spindles of the sweet corn patch with a softer glow in his eye. It is easy to handle. There are no voracious pests to chawnk its herbage. When a New England farmer can find a crop that doesn't require pretty constant manual labor and attention from the time it is planted until it is ready for barn or cellar, he takes a more cheerful view of husbandry. He planted that five-acre piece of corn with a drill, and he borrowed the drill. He loaned Brown his tedder in return. That's the way to get along

Wallace Nutting.

DRIVING THE YEARLINGS HOME. SCENE AT ST. JOHNSBURY, VERMONT.

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Wallace Nutting.

FORDING THE UPPER CONNECTICUT.

in the country—be obliging. Now corn planted with a drill is dotted off in hills as regular as the plan of a checker-board. When hilling-up time comes Farmer Jones can run the cultivator through the rustling ranks from north to south and then transversely. After that a few cuffs and pats with the rasping, tinkling hoe and behold, the hill is complete; the weeds are confounded. But, after all, each hill requires its own individual notice. The minutiæ do consume the time on a New England farm. Every potato top, every hill of vegetables, and all the rest of the growing things and the creatures dumbly demand the farmer's time not once, but over and over. It's perhaps fortunate for Farmer Jones that he isn't a man of computations and statistics. Otherwise he might get to figuring on how many miles he must needs travel to plant, fertilize, cover, cultivate, hoe, dig, and pick up his crop of potatoes, to say nothing of the ploughing and the harrowing. When he got the whole thing reduced to miles and backaches Farmer Jones might become disheartened and give up raising potatoes—or anything else.

Up in northern Aroostook, where they raise potatoes by the carload, they have machinery that makes farming a dream. Farmer Jones follows the old-fashioned ways. He is even old-fashioned enough to "pick" potato bugs. When bug time is at its height he humps his back along the rows, and with a "batter" cuffs the garnet gluttons off into an old tin pan. He doesn't use Paris green or London purple or any of those similar Borgia compounds; not since the time one of his cows—a "breachy critter"—broke through the fence and munched her way along a row of freshly doctored potato tops. She never rattled her neck chain up and down the stanchion any more. Farmer Jones's maxim is that it's better to work a little harder, than to take chances on lazy men's devices. But as his potato tops are now about the only ones in the neighborhood that the bugs find edible, he discovers a fresh and copious crop of chewers every time he makes a tour with his stick and pan—and that's about three times a week.

When you think of the squash bugs and cucumber bugs and apple-tree caterpillars and worms in general, you can see that if Farmer Jones did nothing except attend to his entomological work, he would have a pretty steady job.

When he visited his brother in Aroostook Farmer Jones was surprised to see how they handled the potato crop up there. He declared that it was the first time he had realized that farming could be made a sitting-down job. He said it sarcastically.

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Photograph by M. P. Cram.

SHELLING THE CORN. A COMMUNITY OF INTERESTS.

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Plough, harrow, cultivator, fertilizer, planter—all of them were furnished with a cushioned seat. Many farmers even had umbrella shelters. Farmer Jones snorted contemptuously through the tangles of his gray beard when he beheld this *dolce far niente* farming. He reckoned it would be a pretty bold chap who dared to introduce such kidglove notions down in the older-settled parts of the State. How they would "hector" such a fellow when they got him behind the stove at the grocery store! If there's anything that Farmer Jones and his ilk of conservatives despise, it's what they call "contraptions to dodge work." If it looks like laziness they will not do the thing the easy way.

A. R. Dugmore.

AT WORK IN HIS CARPENTER SHOP.

Speaking of laziness, what a pesky enterprising thing a weed is! It doesn't have half a chance, and yet it is out of the soil and growing away like fun before its slower brother, the potato, gets the shoot fairly poked out of its eye. It seems too bad that such an alert and progressive chap couldn't have some other aim and purpose than to add to the toils and tribulations of New England farmers. But just as a weed gets to flourishing and expanding its chest and looking up in the world, along comes the jawing farmer with a hoe, and zip! down it goes. Yet when you behold the hoe-calloused palms of the farmer you can feel no sympathy for the weed.

The hurry-up farmers of Aroostook keep a little ahead of the weed, and when they go out on the warpath the weed wishes it hadn't. They hitch a horse to a contrivance that drags a twenty-foot length of chain right over the potato field transversely to the rows. This is done as soon as the weed gets a good start, and before the more moderate-motioned potatoes are well up. Thus the previousness of the weed works its undoing. The interlopers are raked down, and the potato rises serenely above the fallen when he pokes up a little later. But Farmer Jones insists that hoes and elbow grease are the only sure specifics in case of a weed plague. So he and his neighbors patiently slice their hoes into the mellow earth of the hills, drag away the witch grass tangles, and heap the damp soil bountifully about the tender green stalk. The Aroostook man has a machine digger whose canvas scoop gathers up the potatoes. Farmer Jones forks out hill by hill, rolling the great pink beauties out into the furrows. Then he sorts them as he gathers them in his hand-baskets; the nubbin' ones

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for the swine, the big ones for the cellar barrels. He says they keep better than any potatoes that are mollywhopped around by machinery. And that's likely enough. He gathers his apples in a hand-basket, too, though he risks his neck climbing around in the trees. He handles each apple like an egg. There's this to say: when some of his neighbors are spending most of their rainy days sorting specked apples down cellar by candle-light, Farmer Jones's full barrels stand serenely sound, breathing out their delectable aroma of summer's conserved scents and savors. A "tunked" apple goes the pace dreadfully fast—and every one knows what a rotting apple will do to a barrelful.

Farmer Jones thinks a great deal of his grandfather. He was one of the regular sort of New England grandfathers—came through the forest primeval hauling his family in an ox-cart, and spent his life rooting out stumps, his only diversion an occasional fifteen-mile trip to mill. Farmer Jones's father continued the stump-pulling process, civilization growing nearer all the time. The early pioneers who went ahead and smoothed things with the crowbar and the axe couldn't accomplish all of it. A New England farm has been evolved during many years made up of days' work. The pioneer found only wooded potentialities

Wallace Nutting.

FARMER JONES TAKES A DRINK.

when he came smashing through the undergrowth and blazed his corner limits. Farmer Jones's back pasture to-day shows a frayed sample of the whole uncut piece that was tackled by Granther Jones. An axe, a torch, and a spade composed the grandfather's farming equipment. He grew all his garden truck around stumps of forest kings, until the royal stumps got disgusted at the plebeian contact of 'taters and cabbage, and flaked back to the embrace of Mother Earth in gobbets of brown punk.

That back pasture supplies the same sort of knitting work to Farmer Jones of the third generation that, in its amplified form, it furnished to the rest of the family before him. He is evolving the farm some more. He sets over his meadow fence each year and "takes up" about an acre strip of back pasture. The devil's apron-string broke when he was lugging rocks over the Jones farm. That pasture got 'em. There is a mile or so of stone wall on the place. Stump fences kick their contorted limbs for another mile or so. There are also many towering stone monuments in the fields. It was not necessary to import any material for these structures.

Think of the backaches! And one cannot appreciate half the toil expended on this old farm through all these years, for scores of dozen-ton pebbles were buried. Farmer Jones is doing the same thing to-day. He undermines each bowlder, and after it tips into the hole he covers it over. Two of the family within twenty years haven't dodged quickly enough, and the bowlders took bloody vengeance as they went sogging down into their grave.

Farmer Jones is sometimes impelled to believe that rocks either grow or have invisible means of locomotion. He and his father before him have hauled cartloads of rocks off the garden patch annually right after spring ploughing, and still there seem to be just as many there when the ploughshare goes through next time.

If Farmer Jones, after ploughing, harrowing, dressing, planting, cultivating, hoeing, weeding, haying, and choring feels that he needs more exercise, he loads equipment onto a big wagon and takes a pleasure trip down to the new tract just this side of the fence. First he gets the muscles of his arms and chest in working shape by giving the stubbly sweet fern Hail Columbia with the bush scythe. Then while he rests he bores holes in stumps and pours in kerosene. For variety he drills a bowlder for a blast. He gets his amusement for the day by slamming away for shelter after he lights the fuse. One of his ancestors went back once on a time to see why the dratted fuse

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Wallace Nutting.

FEEDING THE CHICKENS.

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didn't burn better. The fuse was slow, to be sure, but it was doing business right along. One really need not go to war to be a poor risk for an insurance company. And not a word has been said about cantankerous machinery, tumbly ladders, unruly horses, and ugly cattle.

Farmer Jones hasn't made up his mind in just what part of his farm the dinner-horn sounds best. He is especially undecided between the new strip, and down in the wood-lot when he is knee-deep in the snow plock-chocking at the trunk of a beech tree. Of course the winter air puts a finer razor-edge on appetite; but, on the other hand, picking a pasture's teeth with a crowbar is mighty caving work.

Despite his appetite, Farmer Jones makes short work of dinner. Past master in the art of economy of space on a plate, he has there ready at knife-point his splash of squash, mound of gravied potato, slice of meat, and anything in the vegetable line that mother has in its season. Short-noonings make long commons—that is the motto of the fore-handed New England farmer. And if he could also be four-handed he would find steady business for all his digits. To get along decently, a farmer in New England must need be pretty considerable of a tinker and jack-of-all-trades. He must know how to nail on a loose shoe, even if he cannot set the shoe new at his forge. He should know how to mend harness, fix up his farm equipment, understand his machinery, keep his cutting edges of all sorts well sharpened, and if he doesn't know how to kill and dress his fall pig without "setting the bristles," he will be laughed at in his neighborhood. The more of a dabster he is at odd jobs, the more change he saves for the bank.

Money? Well, it comes slowly and it comes hard, but the opportunity and temptation to spend are not great. "The hen money" is given over to mother for her uses. If there is a creamery or cheese factory near by, so much more hard cash does Farmer Jones see. But there's bound to be a great deal of "taking it out in trade."

Lots of Farmer Jones's neighbors, lacking a good orchard or herd of cows or something in the specialty line of farming, swap produce for what they need at the store, and don't see twenty-five dollars in actual money the whole year round.

Because here is but a paragraph about the fun that Farmer Jones crowds in, it is no indication that he doesn't have a lot. Of course he belongs to the local grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, and they do have great sociables and sings and skylarkings at grange hall. Then there are all sorts of good times around the town, if he and his wife are of the "going kind." One might think that Farmer Jones's hardworking neighbors and their wives would be a bit inclined to the serious and grum. But in noisy merriment, quip and sally, busy sport and pure fun a New England grange sociable is a screamer. There are more wags to the square mile in the country than anywhere else.

As concerns happiness? Farmer Jones has his ups and downs, setbacks and discouragements mingled thickly with his modest successes. Like most other men, he has times when he believes that his lot is of all lots most grievous and beset. Doomed to unremitting toil you know he is, and the arbitrary divisions of the day of labor are not for him. Nature is at his heels with storm, with drought, with threat in the heavens and on the soil. Master of himself he is in one respect; in another sense no man is more a slave than he. Each brute that champs in the row of tie-up stalls is a dumb tyrant to hold him to his tasks. Nature's moods must be watched faithfully, for her smiles and tears alike are to be turned to the advantage of the husbandman who is prudent and alert.

Free man is he beneath the sun, his arena of toil encompassed by sweet beauties, in his nostrils the fragrance, and in his ears the melody of nature. But his shoulders are bowed and his hands are gnarled and galled, his face is seamed, and the crass odor of the farm breathes even from his fibre. To his mouth come the first fruits and the best of the bounty of the earth, yet The Great Mother drives him to unending toil if he is to win his harvest and thwart the foes she sends to teach him humility and industry.

Season follows season, duties jostle, tasks lead to tasks, work beckons ever far ahead, and there is no hour when he may say, "I have done!" until Death unclasps the rough and calloused hands from the hoe-handle.

And yet, walk with Farmer Jones this one night as he plods up from the wood-lot, creaking the crisp snow under his heel, his axe catching and flashing back the red glow

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A. R. Dugmore.

GETTING THE WINTER'S SUPPLY OF FUEL.

M. P. Cram.

AFTER THE DAY'S WORK IS OVER.

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of the sunset. Under those white-heaped roofs over on the hill yonder are piled the fruits of his summer of toil, and there are hoarded the treasures of his home. The dim cellar mingles aroma of apple with mellow scent of vegetables heaped high in their bins. Warmth and food and comfort are there in that kitchen, where mother's lamp already sends out its welcome beam. The mows are heaped, the linter is warm. He gazes on those roofs, and is content.

He plocks his axe into the block in the yard, and calls cheery welcome to the dog who comes doubling his body in ecstasy of welcome. As Farmer Jones walks through the kitchen carrying his milk-pails, he hears the mellow bang of the oven-door shutting on the supper biscuit. Under the hanging lamp the table is set, the sweet-stuff heaped high, the caraway cookies tiered invitingly, the plum preserves glowing deeply red in their glass bowl. There is the sputter of meat in a spider on the stove.

Out in the barn the dusk seems dripping from the cobwebs among the high rafters. The cattle low softly in coaxings at his approach. The horses stamp. With no niggard hand he apportions the grain and meal —the dessert of the barn's bill of fare. He stuffs fat forkfuls of hay into the mangers. He threshes in the clean straw around the legs of the beasts. There shall be no shivering in his tie-up. The murmur of the contented nuzzling and chewing mingles with the tune the milk streams drum on the tin.

When he carries away the milk-pails. crowned with the white foam-clots, he stops outside the door, gives a last look back to see that all is right and tight for the night, listens a moment, and then slams the big portal, drops the bar, and drives the pin.

Farmer Jones, who has toiled from the early dusk of morning to the late dusk of evening, beholds the mellow radiance shining from the kitchen windows, and his content deepens.

He sits at the board. Mother opposite is pouring the tea. The dog is comfortably sloofing up his plateful of food in the corner. The cat licks at her saucer full of milk strainings. Farmer Jones heaps his own plate.

Let the cold crackle in the dry limbs of the trees outside; let the wind sweep the snow eddies through the ragged remnants of the garden; homely though his content be, prosaic as its surroundings are, unæsthetic its nature, it is nevertheless complete. Why ask more?

"That's the style of things at our house; marm and me we don't pull up
Until ev'ry critter's eatin' from the cattle to the pup.
And the biscuits and the spare-rib and the plum preserves taste good,
For we're feelin', me and mother, that we're actin' 'bout's we should.
Like as can be after supper mother sews another patch
And she vums my duds look trampy 'cause she hasn't goods to match.
First of all, though, come the meal-bins and the hay-mows; after those
If there's any extry dollars, well, we'll see about some clothes.
But to-night, why, bless ye, mother, drag the rug acrost the door!
Warmth and food and peace and comfort—let's not pester God for more!"

Wallace Nutting.

A MOTHER OF SEVEN SMALL CHILDREN.

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A DEAL IN WHEAT.

By Frank Norris.

Author of "McTeague," "The Octopus," etc.

Illustrated by J. C. Leyendecker.

I.

THE BEAR—WHEAT AT SIXTY-TWO.

As Sam Lewiston backed the horse into the shafts of his buckboard and began hitching the tugs to the "whiffletree," his wife came out from the kitchen door of the house and drew near, and stood for some time at the horse's head, her arms folded and her apron rolled around them. For a long moment neither spoke. They had talked over the situation so long and so comprehensively the night before that there seemed to be nothing more to say.

The time was late in the summer, the place a ranch in southwestern Kansas, and Lewiston and his wife were two of a vast population of farmers, wheat growers, who at that moment were passing through a crisis—a crisis that at any moment might culminate in tragedy. Wheat was down to sixty-six.

At length Emma Lewiston spoke.

"Well," she hazarded, looking vaguely out across the ranch towards the horizon, leagues distant; "well, Sam, there's always that offer of brother Joe's. We can quit—and go to Chicago—if the worst comes."

"And give up!" exclaimed Lewiston, running the lines through the torrets. "Leave the ranch! Give up! After all these years!"

His wife made no reply for the moment. Lewiston climbed into the buckboard and gathered up the lines. "Well, here goes for the last try, Emmie," he said. "Good-bye, girl. Maybe things will look better in town to-day."

"Maybe," she said gravely. She kissed her husband good-bye and stood for some time looking after the buckboard travelling towards the town in a moving pillar of dust. "I don't know," she murmured at length; "I don't know just how we're going to make out."

When he reached town, Lewiston tied the horse to the iron railing in front of the Odd Fellows' Hall, the ground floor of which was occupied by the post office, and went across the street and up the stairway of a building of brick and granite—quite the most pretentious structure of the town—and knocked at a door upon the first landing. The door was furnished with a pane of frosted glass, on which, in gold letters, was inscribed: "Bridges & Co., Grain Dealers."

"INFINITE DISCOURAGEMENT."

Bridges himself, a middle-aged man who wore a velvet skull-cap and who was smoking a Pittsburg stogie, met the farmer at the counter and the two exchanged perfunctory greetings.

"Well," said Lewiston, tentatively, after a while.

"Well, Lewiston," said the other, "I can't take that wheat of yours at any better than sixty-two."

"Sixty-*two*."

"It's the Chicago price that does it, Lewiston. Truslow is bearing the stuff for all he's worth.

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It's Truslow and the bear clique that stick the knife into us. The price broke again this morning. We've just got a wire."

"Good heavens," murmured Lewiston, looking vaguely from side to side. "That—that ruins me. I *can't* carry my grain any longer—what with storage charges and—and—Bridges, I don't see just how I'm going to make out. Sixty-two cents a bushel! Why, man, what with this and with that it's cost me nearly a dollar a bushel to raise that wheat, and now Truslow——"

He turned away abruptly with a quick gesture of infinite discouragement.

He went down the stairs, and making his way to where his buckboard was hitched, got in, and, with eyes vacant, the reins slipping and sliding in his limp, half-open hands, drove slowly back to the ranch. His wife had seen him coming, and met him as he drew up before the barn.

"Well?" she demanded.

"Emmie," he said as he got out of the buckboard, laying his arm across her shoulder; "Emmie, I guess we'll take up with Joe's offer. We'll go to Chicago. We're cleaned out!"

II.

THE BULL—WHEAT AT A DOLLAR-TEN.

. . . —— *and said Party of the Second Part further covenants and agrees to merchandize such wheat in foreign ports, it being understood and agreed between the Party of the First Part and the Party of the Second Part that the wheat hereinbefore mentioned is released and sold to the Party of the Second Part for export purposes only, and not for consumption or distribution within the boundaries of the United States of America or of Canada.*

"Now, Mr. Gates, if you sign for Mr. Truslow I guess that'll be all," remarked Hornung when he had finished reading.

Hornung affixed his signature to the two documents and passed them over to Gates, who signed for his principal and client, Truslow—or, as he had been called ever since he had gone into the fight against Hornung's corner—the Great Bear. Hornung's secretary was called in and witnessed the signatures, and Gates thrust the contract into his Gladstone bag and stood up, smoothing his hat.

"You will deliver the warehouse receipts for the grain,"—began Gates.

"I'll send a messenger to Truslow's office before noon," interrupted Hornung. "You can pay by certified check through the Illinois Trust people."

When the other had taken himself off, Hornung sat for some moments gazing abstractedly towards his office windows, thinking over the whole matter. He had just

EMMA LEWISTON.

agreed to release to Truslow, at the rate of one dollar and ten cents per bushel, one hundred thousand out of the two million and odd bushels of wheat that he, Hornung,

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controlled, or actually owned. And for the moment he was wondering if, after all, he had done wisely in not goring the Great Bear to actual financial death. He had made him pay one hundred thousand dollars. Truslow was good for this amount. Would it not have been better to have put a prohibitive figure on the grain and forced the Bear into bankruptcy? True, Hornung would then be without his enemy's money, but Truslow would have been eliminated from the situation, and that—so Hornung told himself—was always a consummation most devoutly, strenuously and diligently to be striven for. Truslow once dead was dead, but the Bear was never more dangerous than when desperate.

"But so long as he can't get *wheat*," muttered Hornung at the end of his reflections, "he can't hurt me. And he can't get it. That I *know*."

For Hornung controlled the situation. So far back as the February of that year an "unknown bull" had been making his presence felt on the floor of the Board of Trade. By the middle of March the commercial reports of the daily press had begun to speak of "the powerful bull clique"; a few weeks later that legendary condition of affairs implied and epitomized in the magic words "Dollar Wheat" had been attained, and by the first of April, when the price had been boosted to one dollar and ten cents a bushel, Hornung had disclosed his hand, and in place of mere rumors, the definite and authoritative news that May wheat had been cornered in the Chicago pit went flashing around the world from Liverpool to Odessa and from Duluth to Buenos Ayres.

It was—so the veteran operators were persuaded—Truslow himself who had made Hornung's corner possible. The Great Bear had for once over-reached himself, and believing himself all-powerful, had hammered the price just the fatal fraction too far down. Wheat had gone to sixty-two—for the time, and, under the circumstances, an abnormal price. When the reaction came it was tremendous. Hornung saw his chance, seized it, and in a few months had turned the tables, had cornered the product, and virtually driven the bear clique out of the pit.

On the same day that the delivery of the hundred thousand bushels was made to Truslow, Hornung met his broker at his lunch club.

"Well," said the latter, "I see you let go that line of stuff to Truslow."

Hornung nodded; but the broker added:

"Remember, I was against it from the very beginning. I know we've cleared up over a hundred thou'. I would have fifty times preferred to have lost twice that and *smashed Truslow dead*. Bet you what you like he makes us pay for it somehow."

"Huh!" grunted his principal. "How about insurance, and warehouse charges, and carrying expenses on that lot? Guess we'd have had to pay those too if we'd held on."

But the other put up his chin, unwilling to be persuaded. "I won't sleep easy," he declared, "till Truslow is busted."

III.

THE PIT.

Just as Going mounted the steps on the edge of the pit the great gong struck, a roar of a hundred voices developed with the swiftness of successive explosions, the rush of a hundred men surging downward to the centre of the pit filled the air with the stamp and grind of feet, a hundred hands in eager strenuous gestures tossed upward from out the brown of the crowd, the official reporter in his cage on the margin of the pit leaned far forward with straining ear to catch the opening bid, and another day of battle was begun.

Since the sale of the hundred thousand bushels of wheat to Truslow, the "Hornung crowd" had steadily shouldered the price higher, until on this particular morning it stood at one dollar and a half. That was Hornung's price. No one else had any grain to sell.

But not ten minutes after the opening, Going was surprised out of all countenance to hear shouted from the other side of the pit these words:

"Sell May at one-fifty."

Going was for the moment touching elbows with Kimbark on one side and with Merriam on the other, all three belonging to the "Hornung crowd." Their answering challenge of "*Sold*" was as the voice of one man. They did not pause to reflect upon the strangeness of the circumstance. (That was for afterwards.) Their response to the offer was as unconscious as reflex action and almost as rapid, and before the

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"'SELL A THOUSAND MAY AT ONE-FIFTY,' VOCIFERATED THE BEAR BROKER."

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pit was well aware of what had happened the transaction of one thousand bushels was down upon Going's trading-card, and fifteen hundred dollars had changed hands. But here was a marvel—the whole available supply of wheat cornered, Hornung master of the situation, invincible, unassailable; yet behold a man willing to sell, a Bear bold enough to raise his head.

"That was Kennedy, wasn't it, who made that offer?" asked Kimbark, as Going noted down the trade—"Kennedy, that new man?"

"Yes; who do you suppose he's selling for; who's willing to go short at this stage of the game?"

"Maybe he ain't short."

"Short! Great heavens, man, where'd he get the stuff?"

"Blamed if I know. We can account for every handful of May. Steady-oh, there he goes again."

"Sell a thousand May at one-fifty," vociferated the bear broker, throwing out his hand, one finger raised to indicate the number of "contracts" offered. This time it was evident that he was attacking the Hornung crowd deliberately, for, ignoring the jam of traders that swept towards him, he looked across the pit to where Going and Kimbark were shouting "*Sold, sold,*" and nodded his head.

A second time Going made memoranda of the trade, and either the Hornung holdings were increased by two thousand bushels of May wheat, or the Hornung bank account swelled by at least three thousand dollars of some unknown short's money.

Of late—so sure was the bull crowd of its position—no one had even thought of glancing at the inspection sheet on the bulletin board. But now one of Going's messengers hurried up to him with the announcement that this sheet showed receipts at Chicago for that morning of twenty-five thousand bushels, and not credited to Hornung. Some one had got hold of a line of wheat overlooked by the "clique," and was dumping it upon them.

"Wire the Chief," said Going over his shoulder to Merriam. This one struggled out of the crowd, and on a telegraph blank scribbled:

Strong bear movement—New man—Kennedy—Selling in lots of five contracts—Chicago receipts twenty-five thousand.

The message was despatched, and in a few moments the answer came back, laconic, of military terseness:

Support the market.

And Going obeyed, Merriam and Kimbark following, the new broker fairly throwing the wheat at them in thousand-bushel lots.

"Sell May at 'fifty; sell May; sell May." A moment's indecision, an instant's hesitation, the first faint suggestion of weakness, and the market would have broken under them. But for the better part of four hours they stood their ground, taking all that was offered, in constant communication with the Chief, and from time to time stimulated and steadied by his brief, unvarying command:

"Support the market."

At the close of the session they had bought in the twenty-five thousand bushels of May. Hornung's position was as stable as a rock, and the price closed even with the opening figure—one dollar and a half.

But the morning's work was the talk of all La Salle Street. Who was back of the raid? What was the meaning of this unexpected selling? For weeks the pit-trading had been merely nominal. Truslow, the Great Bear, from whom the most serious attack might have been expected, had gone to his country seat at Geneva Lake, in Wisconsin, declaring himself to be out of the market entirely. He went bass fishing every day.

IV.

THE BELT LINE.

On a certain day towards the middle of the month, at a time when the mysterious Bear had unloaded some eighty thousand bushels upon Hornung, a conference was held in the library of Hornung's home. His broker attended it, and also a clean-faced, bright-eyed individual whose name of Cyrus Ryder might have been found upon the pay roll of a rather well-known detective agency. For upwards of half an hour after the conference began, the detective spoke, the other two listening attentively, gravely.

"Then, last of all," concluded Ryder, "I made out I was a hobo, and began stealing rides on the Belt Line Railroad. Know the road? It just circles Chicago. Truslow owns it. Yes? Well, then I began to catch on. I noticed that cars of certain numbers — thirty-three ought thirty-four,

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thirty-two one ninety—well, the numbers don't matter, but anyhow these cars were always switched onto the sidings by Mr. Truslow's main elevator D soon as they came in. The wheat was shunted in, and they were pulled out again. Well, I spotted one car and stole a ride on her. Say, look here, *that car went right around the city on the Belt, and came back to D again, and the same wheat in her all the time.* The grain was re-inspected—it was raw, I tell you—and the warehouse receipts made out just as though the stuff had come in from Kansas or Iowa."

"The same wheat all the time!" interposed Hornung.

"The same wheat—your wheat, that you sold to Truslow."

"Great snakes!" ejaculated Hornung's broker. "Truslow never took it abroad at all."

"Took it abroad! Say, he's just been running it around Chicago, like the supers in 'Shenandoah,' round an' round, so you'd think it was a new lot, an' selling it back to you again."

"No wonder we couldn't account for so much wheat."

"Bought it from us at $1.10, and made us buy it back—our own wheat—at $1.50."

Hornung and his broker looked at each other in silence for a moment. Then all at once Hornung struck the arm of his chair with his fist and exploded in a roar of laughter. The broker stared for one bewildered moment, then followed his example.

"Sold, sold," shouted Hornung almost gleefully. "Upon my soul it's as good as a Gilbert and Sullivan show. And we—Oh, Lord! Billy, shake on it, and hats off to my distinguished friend, Truslow. He'll be president some day. Hey! What? Prosecute him? Not I."

"He's done us out of a neat hatful of dollars for all that," observed the broker, suddenly grave.

"Billy, it's worth the price."

"We've got to make it up somehow."

"Well, tell you what. We were going to boost the price to one seventy-five next week, and make that our settlement figure."

"Can't do it now. Can't afford it."

"No. Here; we'll let out a big link; we'll put wheat at two dollars, and let it go at that."

"Two it is, then," said the broker.

V.

THE BREAD LINE.

The street was very dark and absolutely deserted. It was a district on the "South Side," not far from the Chicago River, given up largely to wholesale stores, and after nightfall was empty of all life. The echoes slept but lightly hereabouts, and the slightest footfall, the faintest noise, woke them upon the instant and sent them clamoring up and down the length of the pavement between the iron shuttered fronts. The only light visible came from the side door of a certain "Vienna" bakery, where at one o'clock in the morning loaves of bread were given away to any who should ask. Every evening about nine o'clock the outcasts began to gather about the side door. The stragglers came in rapidly, and the line—the "bread line" as it was called—began to form. By midnight it was usually some hundred yards in length, stretching almost the entire length of the block.

Towards ten in the evening, his coat collar turned up against the fine drizzle that pervaded the air, his hands in his pockets, his elbows gripping his sides, Sam Lewiston came up and silently took his place at the end of the line.

Unable to conduct his farm upon a paying basis at the time when Truslow, the "Great Bear," had sent the price of grain down to 62 cents a bushel, Lewiston had turned over his entire property to his creditors, and, leaving Kansas for good, had abandoned farming, and had left his wife at her sister's boarding house in Topeka with the understanding that she was to join him in Chicago so soon as he had found a steady job. Then he had come to Chicago and had turned workman. His brother Joe conducted a small hat factory on Archer Avenue, and for a time he found there a meagre employment. But difficulties had occurred, times were bad, the hat factory was involved in debts, the repealing of a certain import duty on manufactured felt overcrowded the home market with cheap Belgian and French products, and in the end his brother had assigned and gone to Milwaukee.

Thrown out of work, Lewiston drifted aimlessly about Chicago, from pillar to post, working a little, earning here a dollar, there a dime, but always sinking, sinking, till at last the ooze of the lowest bottom dragged

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at his feet and the rush of the great ebb went over him and engulfed him and shut him out from the light, and a park bench became his home and the "bread-line" his chief makeshift of subsistence.

He stood now in the enfolding drizzle, sodden, stupefied with fatigue. Before and behind stretched the line. There was no talking. There was no sound. The street was empty. It was so still that the passing of a cable car in the adjoining thoroughfare grated like prolonged rolling explosions, beginning and ending at immeasurable distances. The drizzle descended incessantly. After a long time midnight struck.

There was something ominous and gravely impressive in this interminable line of dark figures, close-pressed, soundless; a crowd, yet absolutely still; a close-packed silent file, waiting, waiting in the vast deserted night-ridden street; waiting without a word, without a movement, there under the night and under the slow moving mists of rain.

Few in the crowd were professional beggars. Most of them were workmen, long since out of work, forced into idleness by long-continued "hard times," by ill luck, by sickness. To them the "bread-line" was a God-send. At least they could not starve. Between jobs here in the end was something to hold them up, a small platform, as it were, above the sweep of black water, where for a moment they might pause and take breath before the plunge.

"THE ONLY ONE WHO HAD STRUGGLED UP TO THE SURFACE AGAIN."

The period of waiting on this night of rain seemed endless to those silent, hungry men; but at length there was a stir. The line moved. The side door opened. Ah, at last. They were going to hand out the bread.

But instead of the usual white-aproned undercook with his crowded hampers there now appeared in the doorway a new man—a young fellow, who looked like a bookkeeper's assistant. He bore in his hand a placard, which he tacked to the outside of the door. Then he disappeared within the bakery, locking the door after him.

A shudder of poignant despair, an unformed, inarticulate sense of calamity, seemed to run from end to end of the line. What had happened? Those in the rear, unable to read the placard, surged forward, a sense of bitter disappointment clutching at their hearts.

The line broke up, disintegrated into a shapeless throng—a throng that crowded forward and collected in front of the shut door whereon the placard was affixed. Lewiston, with the others, pushed forward. On the placard he read these words:

Owing to the fact that the price of grain has been increased to two dollars a bushel, there will be no dis-

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tribution of bread from this bakery until further notice.

Lewiston turned away, dumb, bewildered. Till morning he walked the streets, going on without purpose, without direction. But now at last his luck had turned. Overnight the wheel of his fortunes had creaked and swung upon its axis, and before noon he had found a job in the street-cleaning brigade. In the course of time he rose to be first shift boss, then deputy-inspector, then inspector, promoted to the dignity of driving in a red wagon with rubber tires and drawing a salary instead of mere wages. The wife was sent for and a new start made

* * * * * * *

But Lewiston never forgot. Dimly he began to see the significance of things. Caught once in the cogs and wheels of a great and terrible engine, he had seen—none better—its workings. Of all the men who had vainly stood in the "bread-line" on that rainy night in early summer, he, perhaps, had been the only one who had struggled up to the surface again. How many others had gone down in the great ebb? Grim question; he dared not think how many.

He had seen the two ends of a great wheat operation, a battle between Bear and Bull. The stories (subsequently published in the city's press) of Truslow's counter-move in selling Hornung his own wheat, supplied the unseen section. The farmer—he who raised the wheat—was ruined upon one hand; the workingman—he who consumed it—was ruined upon the other. But between the two, the great operators, who never saw the wheat they traded in, bought and sold the world's food, gambled in the nourishment of entire nations, practised their tricks, their chicanery and oblique shifty "deals," were reconciled in their differences, and went on through their appointed way, jovial, contented, enthroned, and unassailable.

Science vs. Christianity

"What de chile' name, Miss Johnson?"

"Hit ain't got no name yit. Sense my ole man bin wukkin in de 'lectric powerhouse he's got some quare notions; he wants to name dis chile Kilowat Potential Ampere Johnson, an' I ain't gwine to 'low no chile er' mine be called dem heathen names."

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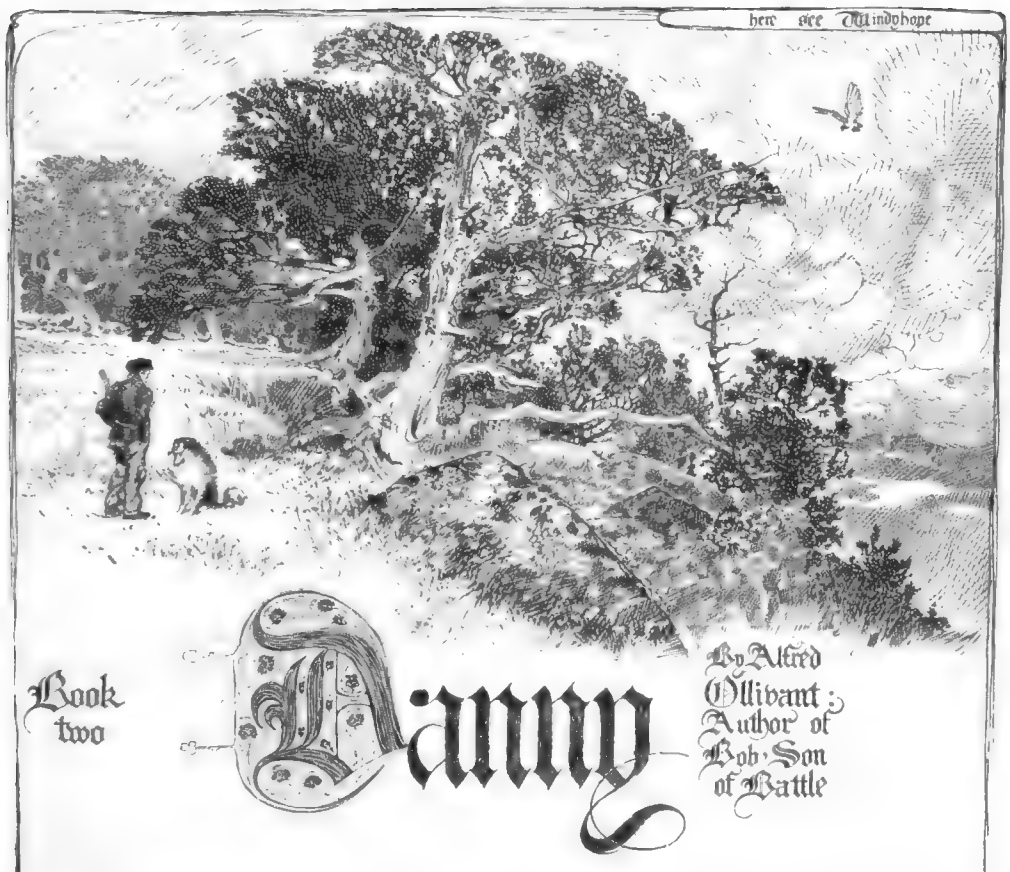

CHAPTER SEVEN.

ROBIN ON GIFTS.

IN the past four years, while the Laird had grown white, his Warden had grown gray; and all about his jaws, amid the pearliness, had sprung up a hoary stubble like a crap of stabbing swords.

The Woman now affirmed that that had come to pass which she had foretold of old. With mellowing years a gentler spirit had come upon her man. Bloodying and such rude delights as appealed to the heathen men and Robin possessed no more joy for her true man.

"He has ceased to be a man," she declared. "He has come to be a Christian quite."

"And he will kill a familee yet, as cannie and 'cantie as any Christian of them all," retorted Robin.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The grim Laird has allowed his lonely young English wife to accept the gift of a beautiful sheep dog. Trained by his mistress, Danny soon acquires as keen a sense as Robin, the henchman, has of the distinction between "gamey and tamey" fowl; but Deborah Awe, the old house-servant, abiding not this "he-male doag," calls all killing murder, and continually urges His Honor to enforce upon Danny the extreme penalty of hanging. Soon after one of these "bloodying" escapades of Danny's, Missie falls sick and dies, and then Robin and Deborah Awe, in vain trying to comfort the stricken "babe," plead together with the Laird who, proving not too "grim" to be touched by Danny's pathetic affection for an old slipper of his lost Missie, takes the "wee man" into his heart and forever becomes his champion—or "familiar," according to Simon Ogg, a poacher, whose father the Laird had accidentally killed at the time of Simon's birth. Now Danny, for being a warden, is hated by Simon, and for being a poacher is hated by Joliff, warden for an English "fool-man." So Danny, with a price on his head, is trapped by Simon, simple tool of Tony, the fool-man, by whose orders also Joliff attempts to shoot the dog. But Tony's young wife, coming to the rescue and carrying Danny to her own home, the latter thinks he has found his Missie at last. As soon as he is sent back to the Laird Danny proves Simon a poacher, whereupon the Laird sends the latter to a "Home" in the South Land. After four years' absence Simon celebrates his return to Hepburn, with broadened views of the world, subject to his Minnie's approval, by breaking his kirk, whereupon the Laird gives both mother and son notice to quit the parish; but to Robin's disgust Simon "conforms" for his home's sake and suffers the "Longer Penance." He is given, however, not his old home, but an ill-favored house, called "Death Cottage."

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"Is killing familees Christian?" screamed the Woman. "Is murder love?"

"Woman," said Robin, "would ye ha' a man forego the gift that has been given him?"

"Gift!" shrilled the Woman. "And what is Danny's gift?—to make familees fatherless, and you eggin' him."

"To attend deathbeds," said Robin, "and comfort the dying. A gran' work," said he, "for a Christian man. Death," continued the preacher of the weeping eye, "is hard; yet all that lives must come to it. A man may die easy or he may die hard; he may die quick and comfie, or he may linger long. And to make death quick to them that might die long, to make it easy for them that might find it hard, that," said the preacher, "is Danny's gift. Them that die of Danny," continued he, "die the doucest mortal death of which I'm acquent. They pass away as easy," said Robin, "as sinkin' when ye caan't swim."

"You speak as a man," retorted the Woman, "and you think as a man. Murder is meat and drink to you; but it is not so with Danny. He has ceased to be a man; he has ceased to care for murder." She bent and rapt up her knight in motherly arms.

"Blethers," said Robin, briefly, "see here, Lucky!" and he emptied his pocket on to the new-scrubbed dresser.

The Woman dropped him in her arms like a hot shot.

"What is it?" she screamed.

"His morning's murder," said Robin shortly, and went out.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

THE LADY OF THE LOCHAN.

IN spite of Robin, and ocular demonstrations to the contrary, the Woman now never tired of asserting that with mellowing years a gentler spirit had come upon her man; that now he loved best to lie at the feet of the Laird and with that still old man await his call.

So far indeed she was in the right of it—that the old three-day forays, when he hurled through the passes and smote the land like a storm from Hector-law to the shores of the sea had ceased from that day, four years back, on which the Laird, sitting in his night-rail in the hall, had taken the Reiver returned upon his knee, and had spoken to him.

The Woman declared that Missie had whispered her man, garring him refrain from his goings forth for the Laird's sake; but Robin took the glory to himself, saying with some shew of reason, "Where was the need for Missie to pouther down all that gait from heaven to whisper him when there was me at the back door whispering him the very same?"

Yet though the Warden never now sallied far abroad to a diligent searcher after glory-sheaves, there was much, however, to be won within his own demesne.

Never a limping brock, never a marauding tod, nor any of the lesser bandits of the wilderness, but knew him of old, the Knightly Warden, and loved him for an honorable enemy.

To him a worthy foeman was as a jewel to be cherished not less dearly than his life. Such, and far nearest and dearest of them all, the lady-otter from far Windyhope. She was his dear Lady—his Lady of the Lochan. Much he loved her for herself, and more for her ravishing scent's sake. The very perfume of her feet, when she had lightly walked beside the burn on a frosty night, thrilled him when next day in the dawn he chanced upon the path that she had taken, and left him trembling in a lover's ecstacy. One dawn he met her, face to face on the brae-side, far from water and her home—a dawn of dearest memories. He escorted her on her way, his Lady of the Lochan, for mile on mile of blood and delicious intercourse. At the bottom of a little sodden cleugh, half-way to Windyhope, the lovers parted.

There Robin, profane and perspiring, found the ardent suitor. He was lying like one dead, in a little pool, just as his lady-love had left him—bloody, stunned, with blind eyes.

Robin bore him home, soon to be revived by the ministering Woman.

When he was himself again, gay, innocent, demure, and bandaged all about his head and jaws, and had trotted off to join the Laird, the Woman turned on Robin.

"I see you will not be content," she cried, till you have brought my man home a corp quite. One day he will go forth into the wilderness to war, and he will be killed; and he will not return."

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"He's little like to," said Robin briefly, "if he's dead before he started," and went forth in the dawn next day, he and the Warden, to search out the land busily, bloodily as ever.

CHAPTER NINE.

THE SCAPE-GOAT.

IT was but an hour after that the Woman, at work in the kitchen in the chill of the morning, was startled by a shouting from the hillock without.

Wringer in hand, she ran to the door, to see Robin on the hillock alone.

"Where is my man?" she shrilled, hand at her heart.

"He is away," shouted the other.

"Where away?"

"After her of the Lochan, I do think," shouted Robin. "He is the thrawn fighter, and he will never rest content till he has met her and overset her who has once overset him."

The Woman stepped out into the morning.

"He is lost!" she cried, gaunt-eyed, ominous, and looked at him upon the hillock. "Lost!

And what will you do?"

"I will leave it to you to do," said Robin shortly, and tramped on.

"Me!" screamed the Woman, and began to pursue. "Why for should I bear the brunt of your losing him?"

"It is Woman's to bear," said Robin, tramping on; "man's to dare."

The Woman stopped.

"I will tell him no word," she cried. "It is you that has lost him; it is you his Honour holds responsible."

Robin turned.

"You will not tell him Danny is gone?" he cried; "and him likely never to return!"

But that night Danny did return. As evening fell there came ploughing steadfastly down Lammermore, through the gloaming, a storm-gray figure, battle-beaten, muddy, tangled, worn with war, through the hanging woods, where the roe-deer came and went like shadows; across the bowling alley, at three-cornered canter; away by the kitchen, where the Woman stood in the door and peered forth haggardly into the moth-haunted evening; he passed then up the steps at a three-legged run, and into the great hall.

There sat a white old man, alone; so still that save for his eyes he might have been dead. His short cloak swept about him; his bonnet on his head, he sat like one about to take a journey, and on the bleak face a shadow like a fate.

Then the door pushed open from without. The gray-faced warrior with the lover's eyes entered and crossed the hall, slow, massive, tick-tacking over the stone flags; and the shadow passed.

The old man made no sign of welcome. He made no move, except a stirring of the feet, as his Squire lay down and curled himself; but the great hands drew together and interlaced; the grim eyes shut; the lips relaxed. He settled himself like some dour soldier monk, whose vigil is passed, and seemed to sleep in stone.

Late that night Robin returned to cuddle the door-cheek and leer at the Woman with dim whiskey-eyes.

"So he has returned, Scapegoatie," he said.

"Aye," cried the woman; "and a rare time I have had with his Honor—gnashin' on me as if it was fault of mine your losing him. You tell't me he'd be like never to return."

"I just tell't ye that bit to scare ye into tellin' his Honor," said the other, largely smiling; "but I kenn't all the while he would return."

"And one day he will go and he will not return," cried the ominous Woman.

"One day we will all go," said Robin, "and we will not return. No man caan't live," said the dim-eyed moralist, "without dying. And if Danny dies, as died Simon, and as will die Robin Crabbe, in battle on the field, he dies well."

"You die of battle on the field!" nickered the Woman in high scorn; "you and your dreep-eye! Na," she said, "na, you will die of brandy, and in your bed!"

"It's as the Lord wills," said the simple old man. "I will not complain either way."

CHAPTER TEN.

THE WOMAN CROAKS.

IT was only a week later that when Robin appeared in the kitchen as was his morning way and Danny's, after that they two had made their round to-

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gether, the old man came no farther than the door.

Now he was very late; moreover, there was a sort of splendor in his eye.

The Woman, at work upon her knees at the hearthstone, summed him up in a glance.

"You are drunk!" she said; and, "you are afraid!" she said; and, with a start, "where is Danny?"

"HUDDLED AGAINST THE DOOR, AN OLD, QUAVERING FIGURE."

The Woman rose from her knees as one who has been stabbed through the heart. She was gray and gasping; her hands were in her apron, and her apron went to her face.

Then she looked up, saw him in the door wiping his eye, and scrambled to her feet.

"I see how it is," she shrilled, nodding at him. "You have lost him again."

"And I just have," said Robin, and the splendor faded out of his eye.

The Woman looked at him.

"Will you tell the Laird yourself?" she asked.

"I will so," said Robin.

The Woman was surprised.

"Danny will be home the night?" she said uneasily.

"That he will not," said Robin. "He is away, and away after her of the Lochan, I do think."

The Woman gnawed her knuckles, and looked at him.

"Is that a sure thing?" she asked.

"Sure as death," said Robin.

"Ye may say that," said the Woman meaningly.

Robin was dumb before her.

"His Honor will be like to kill you."

Robin burst into sudden tears.

"I care na a boddle for his killings," he said. "It is my Danny I am troubled for."

"And well you may be," said the Woman.

"Because, continued Robin, I will not see him again this three-four day."

"If ever," said the Woman.

Robin looked at her like a frightened child. Then he drew a sudden breath and ran away at a little sodden trot into the hall.

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

THE WHITE LAIRD.

HUDDLED against the door, an old, quavering figure with dim locks, he made his plain tale. No armor of insolence was now his, no rude nonchalance of demeanor. In naked misery he told his story without adornments.

The white Laird sat in his chair, nor spoke.

With restless fingers on the handle, Robin waited.

"Ha' ye nothing to say?" he asked at last.

The white Laird sat like a figure of frost, nor stirred.

"Will ye threep at me?" said Robin, gulping.

But the white Laird made no sound.

Robin hobbled back into the kitchen.

"What said he?" asked the Woman, waiting with frightened eyes.

"He ne'er uttered," said Robin, sat down, choked, rose, and trailed out.

The Woman followed.

"This will be that day of which I have spoken these eight years," said she with brimming eyes, "and you aye mocked. Are you hearing me, Robin Crabbe?"

"I hear you," said Robin miserably, jogging on.

"Then why d'you not answer me?" asked the Woman, jogging at his heels.

Robin jogged on.

"It is because you cannot," said the Woman.

CHAPTER TWELVE.

THIS SIDE THE GRAVE.

ALL that day the Laird stood at the window, a white old wolf with hungry eyes.

Next day, though a chill mist wrapped the land about, he sallied forth alone.

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On his homeward way the Laird looked into the kitchen.

"You may look and look, Sir," keened the Woman, "and still you will not see. Eight years I have been saying it would come to pass, and now it has. He has gone," she wailed, "our man, and he will never now return this side the grave."

The Laird tramped away, gaunt, inaccessible, and dumb.

"I loved him," whined Robin, utterly undone. "I just loved him."

"Aye," jeered the relentless Woman, "you loved him fine! you who have lost him to us for ever."

"And I didna lose him neither!" cried Robin with sudden passion.

"Na," said the Woman, "he just runn'd from ye. And I do not blame him in it."

"He didna!" shouted Robin. "He was there, and then he was none there: he just went. He didna run from me."

"It makes no matter," said the Woman wearily. "And any gate you will not lose him again; for why he will never more return this side the grave."

Robin rose suddenly and ran across to her.

"Woman," he whispered, and clutched her by the shoulders, "say them words once again and you will have said them again—this side the grave."

Then he went out; and the Woman was left alone in fear and tears.

That night, and all night—a night of storm and murder in the wind—the old man was abroad with his lantern; startling the roe-deer in the woods, standing on high Lammermore, his head among the gusty stars, swinging his beacon-light over the rain-washed moors for any belated wanderer to see.

In the dawn, the Woman, who was afraid for him and softened because of his misery, climbed up to him and led him home, that old man miserable.

She set him by the fire in the kitchen that she had kept up all night, and nourished him with a comfortable mess of gruel, which she, motherly heart, had sat up the night through to keep a-stirring.

"It was fer the wee man!" she explained with a sob, "but he will never need it now," she said, "this side the grave."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

THE LAIRD GIVES AN ORDER.

ON the morrow the Laird sent for Robin.

The Woman was afraid for him, and implored him not to go.

"It's the very way he was the night before he killed Simon Ogg's father," she said. "Do not go, Robin. He will be like to kill you."

"And I will thank him," said Robin, and went.

The Laird sat in the hall like a white Saul; and now there was no Danny David-wise to charm the dark spirit forth. Hoary, silent, great and grim, he eyed the old man before him; and Robin stood by the door, too miserable far to be afraid.

At last the Laird spoke.

"They do not love me in Hepburn?" he asked.

"They'd vomit ye if they could," said Robin.

"Nor you?" said the Laird.

"Nor me," said Robin, with a shadow of the old complacency. "I have put the

"NOW THERE WAS NO DANNY TO CHARM THE DARK SPIRIT FORTH."

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fear on them as never man did before my time."

The Laird gripped the arms of his chair.

"Is there any in Hepburn, think you," he asked, "would do a harm to Danny for the love of me?" said the Laird, "or you?" said the Laird.

Robin bethought himself.

"If they'd the spunk to do what they'd dare," said the old man, "nor me, nor you, nor Danny'd be long for this world. They might have attempted him a while back," Robin continued, "but since Simon Ogg's undoing they're scared a bit."

"And what of Simon Ogg?" asked the Laird, looking.

"Simon's all right," said Robin. "He's dyin'."

"Dyin'?" said the Laird. "What of?"

"Death Cottage," said Robin.

The Laird sat back with closed eyes, clutched fingers, lost in judgment thoughts. Then he woke again.

"'WHAT IS IT?' PANTED LADY."

"Besides Simon Ogg," he said, "is there any other in the land might attempt Danny, think you?"

Robin considered.

"There's Joliath," said he.

"Goliath?" asked the Laird.

"Aye," said Robin, "him of Altyre. He is man to him that inhabits there."

"Yet it was from Altyre the warning came before," said the Laird, and lifted a yellow label from the table at his side.

"That came from her of Altyre," said Robin. "The fool Sassenach is married on a woman, and she is fair and has the fondness for Danny."

"How d'you ken that?"

"I was in Campbellton at the Hire last back-end," said Robin, "and Danny was with me, and she came by in her chariot, and he saw her and followed after, crying to her like as it might be to Missie; and she stopped her carriage and got down and took him in her arms, and put a kiss upon him before the people, and yattered over him, eyewheedling him. And he talked to her as he would to Missie, girning. And I jalouse she has a devil and put a spell upon him because of his beauty."

"What manner o' man is this woman?" asked the Laird.

"She is like to nothing on earth," said Robin. "She is like to Missie," said he, "in heaven, decked out in the duds of the Scarlet Woman."

The Laird sat back with shut eyes.

"I will ride to-morrow," said he.

Robin gaped.

"Ride?" he gasped.

"I said ride," said the Laird. Harness me Nebuchadnezzar."

"Neddycudnebber!" gasped Robin. "He's not been out of the byre since Missie had him out, ten years syne; he's a coat like a sheep!"

"I will come round to the byre at ten the morn," said the Laird, "and climb him there."

"But I tell ye—" said Robin.

"And I tell *you*," said the Laird.

"Man!" cried Robin.

"You hear?" said the Laird, and closed his eyes.

Like one dazed Robin went; but the Laird called him back.

"Go you to Simon Ogg's mother this night," said he, "and tell her that as long as the lad's in my parish I'll see to it he doesn't come to his death through her. So he'll either get better *at once*," said the Laird, "or go into the Campbellton Infirmary. She can take her choice."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

THE ANGER OF DEBORAH AWE.

NEXT day, for the first time since Missie's death, a horse's feet sounded on the gravel far down the drive.

The Woman in the kitchen heard the sound, and scuttled round to the front steps to see.

There she stood, hand to her brow, and looked down the drive with amazed eyes.

"The World's End's on us and a'!" she cried, and started furiously in pursuit.

"Come back!" she screamed. "I'll gar you go horseback racing! Ye doited old ranty-go-round! Come down! I order you! I forbid you flat! Is it no enough to lose the one but the other must follow?"

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The Laird jogged on, like an old white Quixote on a white Rosinante, unheeding.

The Woman saw the vanity of pursuit and stopped.

"Oh," she wailed, "he is clean daft, and deaf and doited and a'!—him riding forth to war like Balaam on his cuddie, who should be in his bed on slops."

She turned to Robin who stood behind her, dull-eyed and miserable.

"Put out after him!" she ordered. "Rin, man, rin! Pull him off! Tell him I forbid him! Deborah Awe forbids him! It will be his death quite—him and Neddycud-nebber going forth to search the highways and hedges with none to tend them."

Robin stood and moped, unmoved.

"I wish I were dead," said he suddenly.

The Woman sobered, saw his misery, and was touched but shocked.

"Then you have fallen far from grace. Have you no gratitude to the good God who made you?"

"There is no God," said Robin brokenly. "Danny's dead; the Laird's daft, and I'm aff to get fou."

The Woman spent a lonely day upon her knees in tears and prayers for the soul of her wee man departed; and in between whiles solicitously kept a-stirring a mess of meaty comfort against his return.

Robin trotted down to the village ale-house, and there passed the day, prophesying for Hepburn the doom of the Cities of the Plain.

And the Laird, like a great white icicle a-horse, rode south.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

THE LOCAL MURDERER.

LADY stood at the window and was afraid.

Tony tittupped across to her, looked, and was himself astonished.

"Lor' lumme!" he gaped.

"What is it?" panted Lady.

"Looks to me," said Tony, "like Lot's wife taking moke exercise after the accident."

"It's a horse," said Lady after a pause.

It paced nearer, and passed the window.

Lady had crept up to her husband, all eyes and pallor.

Tony put his arm about her.

"He has stopped at the door. He's gettin' off. I'll go and see."

"No, Tony!" she cried, and clutched him. "You don't under——"

A bell clashed through the house.

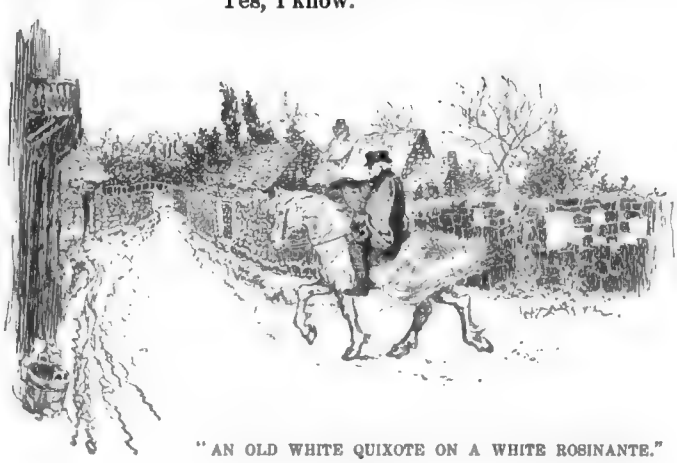
"Oh," gasped Lady, like one stabbed; then she drew a long-recovering breath.

The fool-man tittupped back from the hall, wreathed in giggles.

"Here's a beano, Marion!" he said. "What d'ye think, what? It's the local murderer."

Lady was still at the window, a flicker of reviving red in either cheek.

"Mr. Hepburn?" she said, not turning. "Yes, I know."



"AN OLD WHITE QUIXOTE ON A WHITE ROSINANTE."

Tony gaped.

"If you know so much perhaps you know why he has come."

"There's only one thing he would come about," said Lady, playing on the window-pane, "and that's Danny."

"He might have come to murder someone," said Tony. "What?"

"Well," said Lady, "you might go and see."

"Right," said the fool-man. "And you'd better come, too."

"No," said Lady.

"Ha!" gibed Tony, "she's afraid."

"I'll tell you what I *will* do," said Lady motherly. "When you're well in I'll come and stand outside the door, and you'll know

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I'm there, even if you do not see me," said Lady, "and in an agony about you," said Lady, "and that'll be a help to you."

"Don't see it will," grunted Tony ungraciously.

"Only," said Lady, "it's rather nice to know people are feeling for you, don't you think?"

"Don't know," said Tony. "I'd be too interested in feeling for myself to care much what other people felt for me while I was being murdered."

"Just you howl out like billy-ho."

"And you'll come to the rescue?" asked Tony.

"And I'll ring for the footman," said Lady.

"All very fine for you," grumbled Tony. "You're to have all the fun, and I'm to have all the murder, seems to me," and tittupped away on his toes.

"'IN AN AGONY ABOUT YOU,' SAID LADY, 'AND THAT'LL BE A HELP TO YOU.'"

Lady followed him with large eyes.

"Tony!" she called as he reached the door.

He turned. She was standing by the window—slender, long-robed lady—her fingers playing at her lips, and child-eyes regarding him.

"Remember he's old, Tony," she said; "like your father," and looked at him.

"I know," said Tony gruffly, like a schoolboy admonished by his mother.

"And mad," continued Lady, low.

"Same as me," suggested Tony.

"And rude," said Lady.

"Same as Aunt Jane," said Tony.

"And Danny's his sort of soul," continued Lady. "So Tony'll mind and be good and behave like a little gentleman, won't he?"

"Try," said Tony sulkily.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

THE LAIRD AND THE FOOL-MAN.

LADY, standing in the drawing-room door, watched him cross the hall into the library.

As the door opened to admit him she saw the man who had murdered a man within.

He was standing by the fireplace, great, and white, and terrible.

His short cloak was swept about him; a flake of wet snow was on his bonnet, and in his hand a yellow label.

A quarter of an hour passed, then Lady crept across to the door, delicately, her finger to her lips like a child, greatly afraid.

Within was stillness, save for the voice of Tony setting forth simply, soberly, and with quiet, truthful courtesy, the tale of the doom of Danny, four years back, and his rescue.

As Lady listened the tale drew to an end.

"So you may be certain, Mr. Hepburn, that if any accident has come to him, it hasn't come on this place. It'd be as much as any of our jobs are worth to lay a finger on him."

Lady began to withdraw.

"I take that very kindly," said a gaunt voice; "very kindly."

"It's no fault of mine," said the voice of her husband. "The Missus is Master here, you know."

"If ill came to him except from God," continued the gaunt voice, "I don't know—I don't know"—and seemed to lose itself.

There was a moment's silence.

"I know," came Tony's voice awkwardly, "I know—ye know."

"She was the wife's doag," said the gaunt voice.

Then the door opened, and the Laird marched out into the hall, great, and gaunt, and heavy, and the frost upon him.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

IS YOUR NAME MARJORY?

AS he stalked across the hall, desolate, dark figure of frost, there stepped forth from behind a curtain one slender, shy, and maidenly, and stood before him, lady-pale and with alarmed child-eyes.

"It's Danny," she asked, "isn't it?"

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"My doag," said the Laird, stalking blindly on, "my Danny."

She slipped a pace forward and stood in his path, like the lily of the fields in the path of the storm.

"Mr. Hepburn," she said.

He paused in his march, the white Laird with the shadow on him, and looked at her.

Over against him she stood, maidenly, shy figure, with alarmed child-eyes, and twined long fingers.

Long he looked, then spoke, and his voice was low and slow, as of one lost in a dream.

"Is—your—name—Marjory?" he asked.

"No—o, not quite," she said. "It's Marion. I'm a friend of Danny's."

"You would be," said the white Laird, and nodded and nodded; that tenderness of dreams like a rainbow on his face to soften it.

There came a stir of roses to her cheeks. She stepped a pace forward, shyly, and with growing eyes.

"All is well with Danny," she said, and stayed.

"You think so," he said, "Marion?" and nodded and nodded in his dream.

"I'm sure so," she said, and came to him deliberately.

"How do you know that?" he asked, and smiled at her with ever-growing tenderness.

She paused upon one foot.

"I don't know," she said. "I only know I *do* know."

He stretched forth old, tender hands; took hers and held them, dreaming over her.

"LIKE A CHILD, GREATLY AFRAID."

"That is what she would say," he said.

She looked into his eyes.

"And did she ever deceive you?" she asked.

"Never," said he.

"Neither will I," said she.

"I know you will not," said he, and nodded and nodded in his dream.

A little while he stood so, his eyes on hers, his hands on hers, lost in a tenderness of dreams.

Then she began to draw him.

"You are tired," she said. "You will come in and rest."

A shadow of the frost crossed his face.

"He may be back," said he.

She drew him still.

"She would wish you to," said she, and drew him.

"Well—well—" he said, and stayed.

So she led him to her room and cosseted him there, a little for her own sake, because he was old and white, and more for the sake of Danny, because of his eyes; and most for the sake of a maidenly white lady, such another as herself, whom she had never seen.

And he sat the while very still and silent, like some great sick child, regarding her, the tenderness of dreams upon him.

"'IS—YOUR—NAME—MARJORY?' HE ASKED"

When he went she packed him up in her carriage and muffled him about with sables of her own. Very old and

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strange he looked, the bleak, stiff face peering forth from its cosiness of furs.

He thanked her and said he had been happy.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

THE RETURN OF THE REIVER.

THAT night the Laird kept lonely vigil in the hall.

His cloak about his shoulders, he sat white-headed in the night; and the dreams were on him.

At last, upon the stroke of one, it came to him, that for which he had waited since his home-coming—a crying in the night without.

Straightway he woke. The mantle of ice and iron in which he had been wrapped these four days fell from off him as it had been snow; and the dreams lifted.

He rose and tottered furiously across the hall; and already behind him down bleak passages there was a hurry of shuffling feet and slamming of doors.

His fingers were hardly on the bolts of the outer door, when two hands clapped upon him from behind.

"Quick!" urged the Laird.

"Queek!" gasped Robin. "Can I be queeker than man can?" and heaved the door open.

In crawled a little shadowy misery.

Robin peered down.

"It's his wraith!" screamed the Woman. "Pity—pity upon us!"

Two anguished eyes turned up to them.

The Laird said nothing. He stood in the path of the Woman with arms thrust forth.

"I have him," said the Woman jealously, fending him off with her elbow. "There is no need for you to fash yourself."

"He is mine," said the Laird, and stood like a pillar in her path with outstretched arms.

"Have him all to yourself, then!" she snapped, and placed her treasure in his arms with a little bump.

Tender as a nursing mother the Laird wrapped his cloak about his Squire returned. Then he marched upon hushed feet back to the hall and his chair, and sat down.

"Now will I tend to him," said the Woman, and kneeled; "and see if he is anyways scathed."

CHAPTER NINETEEN.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

INTO the hall trotted Robin, the tears still wet upon his cheeks.

"What do you here?" he cried to the Woman on her knees.

"Minding my man," she snapped.

"Away and fetch his gruel!" cried Robin. And as she rose and scuttled off kneeled in her place.

On her return she found the Laird sitting back in his chair in a dazed wonder of love. Danny lay across his knees with closed eyes, while Robin knelt upon the stone flags and handled him discerningly.

"He has taken no hurt?" gasped the Woman.

"Hold the candle!" ordered Robin, "and I will see that."

"That is my part," said the Woman, and stretched forth yearning hands to minister to her man. "That is the woman's part."

Robin snatched her hands away.

"O the meanness!" sobbed the Woman, and surrendered.

Later, Robin relented somewhat, and it was the Woman who bathed the sufferer's eyes and made them clean again. And all the while the Laird sat quite still, nor spoke, still in his trance of love.

It was not till the whitening of the dawn that the two ministers of love ceased to wrangle over their task.

"I will just lap him in his basket," said the Woman, jealous to perform the last office.

"Na, na," said Robin, and snatched away her hands. "You will disturb him."

"But he caan't bide upon the Laird's knees the night through," protested the Woman.

"He can so," said Robin. "And yet," he added, "maybe ye are right;" and prepared to lift him himself.

"O ye Jacob!" screamed the Woman.

"Whisht, Jezebel!" said Robin. "Ye'll waken him."

It was the Laird who woke.

"Let him bide," said he. "He is mine."

(To be continued.)

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"DID YOU EVER," SAID I, "HEAR THE THEORY OF THE TENTH WAVE?"

THE TENTH WAVE

By C. V. C. Matthews.

Illustrated by H. E. Crafts.

IT was in a misguided moment that I undertook to make plain to Honoria my views on the subject of foreigners. The discussion grew so heated on my side that Honoria ended it by the simple, yet direct method of coolly walking away and leaving me with the piazza chairs for my sole audience.

It has taken me exactly twenty minutes to follow her along the sand road down to the North Beach where it should have taken me five. But I went half-way and then my vanity rose up and smote me. So I told myself to let her go. By the time I reached the edge of the lawn I reflected with dismay that I had wasted ten whole minutes by coming back. I started off again and tried not to listen to the little song experience was singing to me, to the effect that it was no use and that I was a born fool. I overtook her (entirely by accident, I assured her) on the rocks that barricade the North Beach.

She is manifesting so complete an indifference as to whether I am here by accident or design, or whether I am here at all, that were I less accustomed to Honoria's ways I should mistake myself for a superfluity.

Her lack of interest prevents her from even looking my way; instead she is idly watching the receding speck of sail on the level line of the sea, that is the visible sign of Captain 'Phrate, going over to

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HONORIA

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the mainland in the *Link*. (Captain 'Phrate and his boat, by the way, are our only means of connecting with civilization across the five miles of sea that divide Sunset Island from the continent of North America.)

Honoria is wearing a gown like the sea—cloudy grey-green, flecked with white. It makes her look as fair and delicate as the pearly interior of one of Captain 'Phrate's big conch shells. She gives the impression of a most penetrating sweetness and she has, beside, a mildness of appearance misleading enough to make the angels weep.

Her silence is so discouraging that I will not permit it to discourage me. I venture the remark that it always makes me nervous to see Captain 'Phrate sail away with our one means of uniting with the outside world. "Suppose a sword fish was to poke his nose through the bottom of the *Link* and sink it," I suggest. "Why—here we are." I finish lamely.

Honoria does not seem to share my fears; she watches the vanishing *Link* with callous indifference.

"'Far called our navy melts away.' Is that the way it makes you feel?" she asks flippantly.

"It is," I reply with solemnity.

It denotes, I believe, a shallowness of character, but I never could long refrain from speaking out what is in my mind, so I enquire if she is aware that our "navy" is bearing Spaghetti over to the mainland for the day.

Honoria does not answer me. Perhaps (joyous thought) she considers the item too small for notice. Perhaps she is annoyed again because I have called the Count "Spaghetti."

Honoria insinuates at times that the Count's name is wrapped in a romance that mine, which is John Benedict Brown, Jr., lacks. His name, I believe, is Fillippo Florio Bellaccio Veriottiere; it is put together with various "dels" and "di's" in much the same way that Captain 'Phrate's sister, Miss Miranda, joins little sections of stuff for a cushion cover.

There is a curious lack of sympathy between the Count and myself. It is a feeling which extends to all the Would-Bes who hover around Honoria. Then they turn one by one into the Has-Beens, and I think "Oh well, they were fairly decent chaps, after all." But the Count is still a Would-Be, a dark-eyed, artistic, exquisite kind of a Would-Be, and when I am present he seems to have all the sensations of a flower that finds itself in the path of an ox. That in itself irritates me.

Conversation between Honoria and myself seems already to have flickered down to the going-out point, but I attempt to cherish the dying flame.

"I learned from the papers before I came down," I say, "that the Sea Serpent has again been seen along our coast. I hope it won't chase the *Link* and bite Spaghetti."

Honoria looks at me. (Thank heaven the glance of an eye can only wither metaphorically!)

"In many ways, Honoria," I continue, "you put me in mind of the Sea Serpent."

I don't know what nerved me to make the comparison, but it is one I have often thought of. Honoria has crept in so insidiously and coiled herself round and round my heart.

She appears to waver between interest and resentment, and I hurriedly explain that the point of resemblance is that both she and the Sea Serpent can keep their own counsel. The Sea Serpent has been an unsolved puzzle for generations, and Honoria can equal him when it comes to keeping men guessing. Have I not been asking her a question for years, and the answer still lies nine times folded in mystery. No one but Honoria knows the answer, and the Sphinx is a garrulous old woman beside her.

"Honoria," I ask irrelevantly. "You don't really like that little ninety-eight-cent count, do you?"

"I do," says she firmly. "His eyes are so Oriental."

"They are all that," I unwillingly agree. "As Oriental as a Persian prayer carpet. If I were you I would take my Orientalism out in rugs; it wears better that way."

"He has such a beautiful straight nose," says Honoria ecstatically.

I don't know why I am impelled to consider her remarks a comparison and a balancing of the Count's virtues and my inferiorities, but I am. I feel of my nose furtively. Heaven bless my mother, my nose is straight, too! Hope rises within me.

"He sketches so beautifully," says Honoria.

"I once whitewashed Captain 'Phrate's garden fence." I say hopefully.

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"He plays the zither exquisitely."

"But can he play ping-pong?" I ask anxiously.

(Silence on Honoria's part. I am an expert.) But she begins again.

"He has a castle in Italy."

"I have a dozen—in the air!"

"He is a poet—a mystic," says Honoria dreamily. "He hears voices in the wind and the sea. He says that the forces of nature speak to him; that he gets mental suggestions from every one he meets; that I seem to him some forest spirit, and that when he touches my hand and looks in my eyes he hears the south wind sweep through the pine tops, and sees the beautiful eyes of a deer gazing into his out of the unknown."

"The deuce he does," said I.

"He lives for his art," explained Honoria.

"He'll never live on it," I retort. (I have seen his "art.")

"He says my Ego——"

"Your who—?" I was getting bewildered. I took this Ego to be another Would-Be, and I saw complications doubling and tripling on my hands. Honoria gave me a very kind psychical explanation of what an Ego is, and said that the Count thought that her Ego and his Ego were one and the same Ego and——"

"Confound his impudence," said I. "When he comes back from the mainland——"

"He won't come back," said Honoria softly.

"He won't come back," I repeated, and then my guardian angel turned a ray of light on my intelligence. "Honoria," said I, "Honoria, darling, is he a Has-Been, too?"

She had the grace to begin a little apology.

"You see" she said, "he was such a——"

"Lobster!" said I, gaily. Honoria frowned. She is very loyal to the Has-Beens, and I love her for it. It makes me so sure that when I am a Has-Been, too, Honoria will be just to my memory.

For a time conversation appears to die, and again it is I who fan the embers.

"Honoria," I ask, "have you reflected that Spaghetti was the ninth?"

Honoria looks an enquiry. "Ninth—?" she says——

"Would-Be," I explain briefly. (Honoria hates my name for the damaged affections that lie in her wake.)

"Did you ever," said I, "hear the theory of the tenth wave?"

It appeared that she had not, so I told her that it was more than a theory, it was a fact, that every tenth wave is a bigger wave, a higher wave, a more forcible wave than the nine that go before it. There will be nine waves of no especial importance rolling in one after another, so they say, and then comes the tenth, the big bold tenth, and tops them all.

"Watch out, Honoria," said I. "There is a curious analogy between waves and Would-Bes. It may be that the fates mean the tenth one to catch you."

Honoria manifests no alarm, she is absently throwing pebbles over toward the breakers. But I know she follows the drift of my remarks. I would give a good deal to know her thoughts, to be sure in my heart whether the tenth-wave theory can safely be applied to men, or whether, as I sometimes think, I am in as bad a plight as the other Would-Bes and the birds that beat themselves fruitlessly against the Island Light.

"Honoria," said I slowly, "I am asking you for the last time—is the Benedict in my name a prophecy or a mockery?"

Honoria gathers up her wave-colored gown and goes down to the very edge of the beach. I follow her.

"Now we will prove this wonderful tenth-wave theory of yours," she says, with the same old disregard of me and my question. "We will see if this tenth wave is so very superior to its fellows."

We watch the sea in silence, and I count the incoming waves under my breath—seven—eight—nine, and the tenth tops them all. It seems to be true. Again and again they roll in and always the tenth appears to dwarf the others. Then I begin to count aloud and Honoria turns her face away.

"One," I say, as the first comes curling in. "That was Tom Morris, good old Tom."

"Two—Walton Page," and the second, a curving shallow line, follows the first.

The third and fourth come almost together. "The two West Point cadets," says Denouncing Judgment in the shape of myself. Honoria makes a little sound of protest. Is it reproach or distress? I do not heed it.

"Five, your cousin Gilbert," I say remorselessly.

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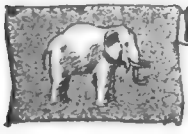
"Six—seven—eight—" I name them all. Honoria puts her hand out and touches mine appealingly. She has turned her eyes from looking seaward—they look straight into mine. I wonder vaguely what "mental suggestion" it will give her. I am afraid she will hear no windswept pine trees; she is not searching the soul of any mystic. One thing she must see; that the love of her has gone to the very core of my heart, and that I ask no higher happiness than to love, honor and keep her all the days of my life—but then I have told her that so often already.

The ninth wave came in and broke with a little shiver of thin foam at our feet.

"Poor Spaghetti!" said I, but in a second I forgot him, for Honoria smiled across at me, an unsteady little smile that was surely born in Heaven, and the tenth wave rolling in, higher, stronger, swifter than the others, caught her unawares and swept her, for life, into the arms of the luckiest man on earth.

THE young King of Spain has the forehead and the close-set eyes of his mother and her attractive bearing and carriage. Small and frail, his slender body seems too light to support the large, rather well-modelled head. There is distinction in the boy's pale face and bright eyes and the likeness to the Queen Regent is accentuated by his lip, which has the true Hapsburg mould. From her, also, he has inherited tenacious perseverance and a lofty sense of duty. Perhaps his education has been too select, too high, but he has an independent mind and the gift of initiative. Like other royalties, he is a first-rate linguist and speaks fluently English, German and French besides his native Spanish. Is it reserved for him, I wonder, to raise the Kingdom from its ruins and wrest it from the octopus group of the hundred families of grandees who use the nation as their own property? One of his professors was explaining to the young King the mechanism of modern constitutions. "But," exclaimed the youngster, "what is left for me in all this Parliamentary business? Where is my place, my power, my authority." The teacher, embarrassed, tried to quibble. "No, no. I want to know what I have to do," he insisted. Poor little King.



"His ready visit pays."

The Queen of Siam—for there is but one queen, in spite of a numerous household—is a most attractive woman, whose hands and feet are, by common consent, allowed to be the most dainty at the Siamese Court. Though she cannot be much younger than King Thebaw, whose half-sister she is—for there are her two sons approaching manhood and other children—she retains the firm, well-rounded figure characteristic of young Siamese women, and neither age nor care has yet brought wrinkles. In the appropriate costume of her rank—white silk knee breeches and blouse waist of the same material, set off with a broad sash of orange silk, her short hair clustering back over a superbly ornamented comb, she is a fascinating figure. Though Her Majesty is the recognized Consort, there was a Queen before her, who yet resides in the palace enclosure with her two daughters. The son of this lady who had been the heir apparent died about eight years ago, and she, having no other male progeny, lost her place to the second queen, who had three boys. The eldest of these had been educated in England and has displayed real intelligence. Indeed, a book he has recently written on Poland seems to have received serious consideration; a second son is in the German army and the third in the Russian army, learning soldiering. If King Thebaw desires to visit the United States—and he declares he intends to—this is the lady who will be produced for inspection on State occasions.

"What Exile from himself can flee?"

At four o'clock every afternoon in Venice there crosses from a handsome palace on the Grand Canal to the piazza opposite a tall, portly gentleman, strong of stature, full bearded, distinguished looking. Accompanying him is a graceful young woman, admirably dressed, whom he helps from the gondola with a fine show of courtesy. They promenade arm and arm, behind them two aides-de-camp in uniform, and the loungers gaze interestedly after the little cortege as it passes by. It is the Spanish pretender, Don Carlos, and his wife, the Princess de Rohan of France. An exile from Spain because of his revolutionary attempts, he is, for personal reasons, unwelcome in all the other European courts, so France is really the only country where he can travel with comfort or pleasure. In the superb palace on the Canal he lives like an exiled monarch, keeping up a petty court and surrounded by attendants who have nothing to do but flatter him. For all his pomp, however, he obtains no deference from the Venetians, who despise him because of his

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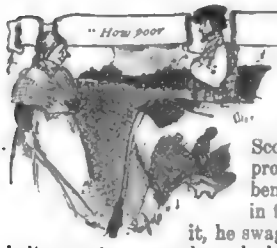
penurious habits and austere manners. His great wealth, derived from the fortunes of his wives, for he has been married twice, is religiously hoarded, and he gives not a sou to charity



"How poor a thing is man!"

The summit of his ambition had been reached by an aspiring Scotchman. He had been promoted to the magisterial bench. With head as high in the air as he could carry it, he swaggered along till he went bolt up against a quadruped which had not the manners to get out of the way of the newly bred dignitary, but was lazily browsing by the roadside. "Mon, mind my coo," cried the indignant owner. "Woman, I'm no longer a man. I'm a Bailie."

"A deed without a name."

To what degree a brave man may outlive the memory of a great deed was illustrated by the death in an English county village, of one Herewald Crawford Wake. The *Times* gave him three lines of obituary. Yet this man conducted one of the bravest defences in modern history and exhibited such qualities of heart and hand as would become the record of a paladin in the era of romance. It was in the Indian mutiny and this Wake, then little more than a boy, was collector at Arrah. He was wise enough to interpret right the signs of discontent and, with the assistance of an Irish railway engineer named Boyle, fortified the billiard room that stood within his compound. They were nothing more than stacks of ill-laid bricks round the verandah, these fortifications, and were put there for no more serious purpose than to hinder the assaults of casual marauders.

Soon after the outbreak of the mutiny, 2,500 rebellious native soldiers were permitted to march out of Patra without being disarmed. At Arrah was the District Treasury and they made straight for it. The news of their approach reached Wake in time to enable him to gather in his billiard room the twenty white residents of the town and his forty Sikh soldiers. Ammunition they had in plenty, but little food and less water. In comparison, the defenders of the Chinese legations were superbly equipped. When the mutineers, who in the interval had been reinforced by 7,000 irregular troops, heard that the mad English intended to resist, they laughed the idea to scorn and swept down on the Compound to massacre them. Ten thousand to sixty—they might well laugh.

In masses they rolled into the courtyard, shouting defiance and firing their guns. From the billiard-room came a sheet of flame and a hail of lead. Fifty men fell. In an instant another terrific volley. The Sepoys huddled back, broke, fled, charged again, were again repulsed. Checked, they soon found another and safer way. Fifty yards off was the house of the Collector. It commanded the billiard-room. Guns were mounted on its roof, and iron balls rained on the hapless defenders. The fort seemed fated to fall in on the little band when the supply of balls failed. Then came volleys of stones, inkstands—even the castors of the Collector's piano; but these curious missiles did not damage the garrison.

There was a graver danger. The Sikhs' water supply was exhausted. Would they drink from the polluted water-skins of the English infidels? Finally they agreed to—all but one man, who, although he was ready to fight for the Sahibs, would not, to save life, defile his caste. And so he sat down to die of thirst The mutineers knew there was a scarcity of water. They lit fires of red pepper to windward to choke the garrison out. Then the Irishman, Boyle, came to the rescue, and dug a well in a cellar, eighteen feet deep. Imagine excavating a well with knives and swords in the height of an Indian Summer. The Sepoys tried next to get at the fort by a mine: Wake and Boyle countermined. They drove sheep and cattle into the compound and killed them that the stench of the carcasses might drive the little garrison into the open.

At their loopholes the Englishmen and the Sikhs sat, picking off every Sepoy who showed himself. They answered the shouts of the enemy by singing comic songs. Commander Wake kept a diary of the siege on the whitewashed wall of the billiard-room. Never did he expect to get out alive, and he wished some record to remain of the garrison in Arrah.

For three weeks the siege lasted. Then when food and ammunitions were quite exhausted, Vincent Eyre, at the head of five hundred men, made a daring raid, and relieved the garrison. Surely a theme for song and story, yet no official distinction was accorded, either Wake or his associates, and today their exploit is no more than a record of the mutiny.

"To please thy gods thou didst it!"

A missionary recently home from India tells of the efforts of a young Hindoo Bible student to render into the native dialect:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me
Let me hide myself in Thee."

The result of his labors, translated back into English, was about like this:

"Very old stone, split for my benefit,
Let me absent myself under one of your fragments."

"His zeal none seconded."

A fire-eater of the old school was the late General Jubal Early, who, though compelled to accept the verdict of Appomattox, remained unreconstructed—a rebel to the end. Summer and Winter he wore the Confederate gray and a broad slouch hat of the finest texture, white as his honor. Though attended throughout his life by a negro servant known to every man, woman and child in Lynchburg as old Charles, he hated colored people, threatening often to kill old Charles if he caught him drinking in a negro saloon. He never forgave a niece who married a United States army officer and swore that he would share his last crust with any Confederate soldier who had served under him. No one who had become a Republican should enter his presence under pain of being shot.

The fiery character of General Early's temperament was exhibited in a controversy he had with General William Mahone who had dared criticise an article Early had written about a battle they had both participated in. A violent correspondence was followed

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by a challenge to a duel—but none of your twenty-pace polite recontres for Early. He proposed that Mahone and he should be locked in a darkened room, only a table between them. They should each have two revolvers and a bowie knife and the door should not be opened for twelve hours.

Some one had the termerity to suggest to Early that this was in the nature of a bluff and that he really did not want to fight Mahone.

"Let him accept," was the reply, accompanied by so fierce and relentless an expression that there was never any further doubt as to Early's hunger for combat *a la outrance*.

"What loneliness more than to feel lonely than distrust!"

When Cardinal Manning was rector of Lovington he went to visit a parishioner, a widow of seventy-five years of age, who had had ten children, of whom all but one daughter had gone into the world and left her. This daughter was about to be married, and she would then be quite alone. The Archbishop said to her: "Dame, you must feel it lonely now after having had so large a family." "Yes, sir," she said, "I do feel it lonesome. I've brought up a long family, and here I am living alone. An' I misses 'em and I wants 'em; but I misses 'em more than I wants 'em."

"You'd think he talked like other folk."

For more than twenty years Robert Browning figured in London society as the king of English conversationalists. An inveterate diner-out, he talked delightfully on any topic that happened to engage his thought, not to the exclusion of others, but with the art of evoking a general expression on his subject, then crowning it with the aptest summary and conclusion, expressing himself with a rare directness, simplicity and humor. Oftenest it was serious talk—the event, the catastrophe of the moment served as a theme, and no one better than he to state concisely the point at issue, to explain the causes and consequences of a given condition, illuminating his comments with episodes told in a style so full of delicacy and skill as to suggest the delightful *contes* of Daudet. His religious beliefs were sincere and strong, and theological questions he would have treated reverently. One night on his way home through Hyde Park to dress for dinner, he stopped to hear an open-air preacher discourse. This man was developing free-thinking theories, and as Browning stopped, he was in the midst of an harangue against the possible existence of God, defying his hearers to disprove his arguments. "At last I could stand it no longer," Browning said, "so I asked him to get off his tub and let me try and answer him." He did so, but what the poet said is unrecorded, save for his own verdict. "I think I had the best of it."

Another brilliant talker of the same period was Lord Leighton, the eminent artist, who united with an astonishing memory, rare tact and personal charm. Leighton would be taken by Italians for a native, so pure was his accent, until they heard his French, or his German, and the way in which when his studio was filled with a crowd of visitors from all parts of the world, he darted from language to language in his welcomes and explanations was marvellous to hear. Besides the great languages he picked up a *patois* with equal facility, and for years he had a Roumanian servant to whom he used to talk in his own dialect. At his own dinner parties—invariably felicitous occasions—perhaps he overdid the role of Amphitryon—his seat would be raised a trifle higher than that of his guests, and his phrasing was somewhat more elaborate than the need justified, but his delightful urbanity and charm soon led even the captious to forget his little strainings after effect. The impression he gave was of a rare kindness. He never forgot a face nor the family histories of his friends. "I had not seen Leighton for years," exclaimed a gratified little man, "when I met him on the street one day, and he immediately stopped and congratulated me on my appointment, saying I was the right man in the right place."

"Think naught a trifle."

While A. J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was general manager of the Warren and Franklin Division of the system, he was asked one day by Tom Scott, then the chief official of the corporation, for some information that would naturally come from the bookkeeping department. Tersely and accurately Cassatt stated the facts and figures requested.

"But, how do you happen to know this?" Scott asked.

"Oh, I look over the books every five days," Cassatt replied. "It would be awkward to be left in the lurch in the event of the accountant department being disabled."

It was because A. J. Cassatt united a knowledge of railroading with finance that he was selected to succeed Frank Thompson as president of the great Pennsylvania road. He knows every part of the system, is acquainted with most men of any consequence in the railway, political and financial worlds and shares with W. K. Vanderbilt the prestige of originating the community of interest policy which in later years has revolutionized the railway situation in the United States. Under the direction of this strong and forceful man the Pennsylvania Railroad has obtained control of the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Norfolk and Western, the Baltimore and Ohio and the Long Island railroads. It is tunnelling the North River, bridging the East River and building a great terminal in the heart of New York.

"I could a tale unfold"

Ex-Governor Hogg, of Texas, who went to England to sell oil wells and became the lion of the season in London society, attributes his popularity among the aristocracy to his refusal to wear knee breeches at the King's levee and to his big soft Texas hat.

At lunch one day in the mansion of a distinguished Earl the Ex-Governor of Texas met a Duchess who became so highly interested in his picturesque personality that she asked him to accompany her to a reception for which she was bound so he could tell her more stories about his oil wells. Hogg politely declined, explaining that he was going to devote the afternoon to seeing the town from the top of a 'bus.

"Better come along too, Ma'am," he said.

After some hesitation the lady consented and the

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Governor gently helped her to a seat on the roof of the 'bus, pulling his own huge proportions up after her. Together they had a long ride and got a good look at the city.

"Governor," she said, "I can almost imagine myself in Texas. I never before rode on the top of a London 'bus."

Governor Hogg says that Londoners get a lot of ideas from us though we have yet some things to learn from them.

At the close of a fashionable dinner in London, the Ex-Governor found himself at the door of the mansion beside a handsome woman who had sat opposite him at table but whose name he had not caught. She awaited her carriage but was unescorted.

"Surely you are not going home alone, Madam?" said the polite Governor to the lady.

"Thank you, Governor," she said, "but I'm perfectly safe. My carriage is below now."

"But, Madam," he persisted, "in Texas we never permit a lady to go home alone from a party. I should esteem it a great favor to be allowed to escort you to your house."

"I won't trouble you, Governor," she replied cordially, "but you may see me to my carriage."

This rejection of his company set Governor Hogg thinking that he had committed an error and he proceeded to consult Ambassador Choate.

"They do things differently over here," explained the Ambassador gravely. "It was not quite the right thing for you to do to offer to take the lady home, but don't worry. That was the famous Duchess of C——, one of the brightest and most practical women in London and she'll not think the worse of you for your mistake."

The Ambassador smiled reassuringly.

"Choate," said the Ex-Governor, "wasn't it clever of me to pick out such a sensible and fine-looking lady as the Duchess of C——. to make that Texas break on."

"Unnumbered pleasures harmlessly pursued."

The head of the great Indian Banking house of Sassoon lives in London in a huge, over-dressed corner mansion in Belgrave Square. Dark as a Hindoo, Ruben Sassoon is a very intelligent and interesting man, full of shrewdness and common sense and possessing a cynical knowledge of poor humanity of which he is too good-natured to take undue advantage. He is *persona grata* with King Edward, goes in for racing and enjoys distinct popularity in the very smart set. It was as an entertainer on a royal scale that Ruben Sassoon made his entrance into society. His dinners were fetes to be remembered. A distinguished Parisian *chef*, who had a fabulous salary, was responsible for the menus; the guests were served by Indian servants in picturesque costumes. They were retainers of the house. The coffee was brewed by a scarlet-fezzed Turk. And such curries! The smartest men and prettiest women in London were gathered at these banquets. The King, then Prince of Wales, was often present—it was said that the *suave* Indian had helped to finance His Royal Highness' debts—and afterwards there was always an entertainment, novel, interesting, clever. Sometimes it was a French singer of *chansonettes*, an eminent juggler, a Spanish dancer. The host did things uncommonly well and had the knack of getting people to perform his behests. The Sassoon family is of the Jewish race and Ruben is a strict observer of the customs of his faith. In his mansion there is a beautifully decorated private synagogue where there are services every Saturday. Once while stopping at a country house at which King Edward was also present, the Day of Atonement came about. Throughout the twenty-four hours Mr. Sassoon remained hermetically sealed up in his own room rigidly fasting as the law provides.

"A horse of another color."

At a rancorous political meeting Representative Sibley, of Pennsylvania, who had been elected once on the Democratic side and the next time time on the Republican ticket for the same district, was fiercely reproached for changing his politics.

"You people who stick to the tenet of 16 to 1"—replied Sibley when it came his turn to speak—"remind me of a man I once saw in a lunatic asylum. He was capering through the hall astride of a broom-stick. 'Ah, ha,' I said to him, thinking to be pleasant, 'I see you are having a fine ride on your horse.' 'This isn't a horse,' he replied. 'Isn't a horse?' said I. "Then what is it?' 'It's a hobby," he replied. 'If it was a horse I could get off.' "

"Wit as quick as the greyhound's mouth—catches."

George Broadhurst, the clever playwright, is remarkably quick at repartee. On the eve of the first production of "The Wrong Mr. Wright," by Roland Reed, a dinner was given in his honor at which sat Mr. Reed and his daughter and the leading lady of the company, Isadore Rush, and her daughter. The manager of the company rose at the auspicious moment to propose a toast.

"Here's to Broadhurst, the Moses who we hope will lead us into the promised land of success."

"Moses, indeed!" said Broadhurst. "I suppose that's because I'm here among the Reeds and the Rushes."

"Small choice in rotten apples."

A well known actor who rather prides himself on a certain distinction of appearance combined with a knowledge of the social conventions, was dining at a fashionable house with a crowd of people noted rather for smartness than intellect. The hostess in a burst of enthusiasm leaned over and whispered to him:

"Oh, Mr. So-and-so, one would never think you are an actor for you are just like one of our own men."

Quickly glancing around the table, he replied:

"Good Lord, which?"

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THE STRUGGLE OF THE OUTLIERS.

By O. Henry.

AGAIN, to-day, at a certain street on the ragged boundaries of the city, Lawrence Holcombe stopped the trolley car and got off. Holcombe was a handsome, prosperous business man of forty; a man of high social standing and connections. His comfortable suburban residence was some five miles further out on the car line from the street where so often of late he had dropped off the outgoing car.

The conductor winked at a regular passenger, and nodded his head archly in the direction of Holcombe's hurrying figure.

"Getting to be a regular thing," commented the conductor.

Holcombe picked his way gingerly down a roughly graded side street infested with ragged urchins and impeded by abandoned tinware. He stopped at a small cottage fenced in with a patch of stony ground with a few stunted shade-trees growing about it. A stout, middle-aged woman was washing clothes in a tub at one side of the door. She looked around, and smiled a smile of fat recognition.

"Good avening, Mr. Holcombe, is it yerself ag'in? Ye'll find Katie, inside, sir."

"Did you speak to her for me?" asked Holcombe, in a low voice; "did you try to help me gain her consent as you promised to do?"

"Sure, and I did that. But, sir, ye know gyurls will be gyurls. The more ye coax 'em the wilfuller they gets. 'Tis yer own pleadin' that'll get her if anything will. An' I hopes ye may, for I tells her she'll never get a betther offer than yours, sir. 'Tis a good girl she is, and a tidy hand for anything from the kitchen to the parlor, and she's never a fault except, maybe, a bit too much likin' for dances and ruffles and ribbons, but that's natural to her age and good looks if I do say it meself, bein' her mither, Mr. Holcombe. Ye can spake ag'in to Katie, sir, and maybe this time ye'll have luck unless Danny Conlan, the wild gossoon, has been at it ag'in overpersuadin' her ag'inst ye."

Holcombe turned slightly pale, and his lips closed tightly for a moment.

"I've heard of this fellow Conlan before. Why does he interfere? Why does he stand in the way? Is there anything between him and Katie? Does Katie care for him?"

Mrs. Flynn gave a sigh, like a puff of a locomotive, and a flap upon the washboard with a sodden garment that sent Holcombe, well splashed, six feet away.

"Ask me no questions about what's in a gyurl's heart and I'll tell ye no lies. Her own mither can't tell any more than yerself, Mr. Holcombe."

Holcombe stepped inside the cottage. Katie Flynn, with rolled-up sleeves, was ironing a dress of flounced muslin. Criticism of Holcombe's deviation from his own sphere to this star of lower orbit must have waned at the sight of the girl. Her beauty was of the most solvent and convincing sort. Dusky Irish eyes, one great braid of jetty, shining hair, a crimson mouth, dimpling and shaping itself to every mood of its owner, a figure strong and graceful, seemingly full of imperishable life and action—Katie Flynn was one to be sought after and striven for.

Holcombe went and stood by her side as she ironed, and watched the lithe play of muscles rolling beneath the satiny skin of her rounded forearms.

"Katie," he said, his voice concealing a certain anxiety beneath a wooing tenderness, "I have come for my answer. It isn't necessary to repeat what we have talked over so often, but you know how anxious I am to have you. You know my circumstances and position, and that you will have every comfort and every privilege that you could ask for. Say, 'Yes,' Katie, and I'll be the luckiest man in this town to-day."

Kate set her iron down with a metallic click, and leaned her elbows upon the ironing board. Her great blue-black eyes went, in their Irish way, from sparkling fun to thoughtful melancholy.

"Oh, Mr. Holcombe, I don't know what to say. I know you'd be kind to me, and give me the best home I could ever expect. I'd like to say 'yes'—indeed I would. I'd about decided to tell you so, but there's Danny—he objects so."

Danny again! Holcombe strode up and down the room impatiently frowning.

"Who is this fellow Conlan, Katie?" he asked. "Every time I nearly get your consent he comes between us. Does he want you to live always in this cottage for the convenience of his mightiness? Why do you listen to him?"

"He wants me," said Katie, in the voice of a small, spoiled child.

"Well, I want you too," said Holcombe, masterfully. "If I could see this wonderful Mr. Conlan, of the persuasive tongue, I'd argue the matter with him."

"He's been the champion middleweight fighter of this town," said Katie, a bit mischievously.

"Oh, has he! Well, that doesn't frighten me, Katie. In fact, I am not sure but what I'd tackle him a few rounds myself, with you for the prize; although I'm somewhat rusty with the gloves."

"Whist! there he comes now," exclaimed Katie, her eyes widening a little with apprehension.

Holcombe looked out the door and saw a young man coming up from the gate. He walked with an easy swagger. His face was smooth and truculent, but not bad. He wore a cap pulled down to one eye. He walked inside the house and stopped at the door of the room in which stood his rival and the bone of contention.

"You're after my girl again, are you?" he grumbled, huskily and ominously. "I don't like it, do you see? I've told her so, and I tell you so. She stays here. For ten cents I'd knock your block off. Do you see?"

"Now Mr. Conlan," began Holcombe, striving to avoid the *argumentum ad hominem*, "listen to reason. It is only fair to let Katie choose for herself. Is it quite the

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square thing to try to prevent her from doing what she prefers to do? If it had not been for your interference I would have had her long ago."

"For five cents," pursued the unmoved Mr. Conlan, lowering his terms, "I'd knock your block off."

Into Holcombe's eye there came the light of desperate resolve. He saw but one way to clear the obstacles from his path

"I am told," he said quietly and firmly, "that you are a fighter. Your mind seems to dwell upon physical combat as the solution to all questions. Now, Conlan, I'm no scrapper, but I'll fight you to a finish any time within the next three minutes to see who gets the girl. If I win she goes with me. If you win you have your way, and I'll not trouble her again. Are you game?"

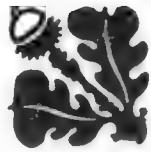
Danny Conlan's hard, blue eyes looked a sudden admiration.

"You're all right," he conceded with gruff candor. "I didn't think you was that sort. You're all right. It's a dead fair sporting prop., and I'm your company. I'll stand by the results accordin' to terms. Come on, and I'll show you where it can be pulled off. You're all right."

Katie tried to interfere, but Danny silenced her. He led Holcombe down the hill to a deep gully that sheltered them from view. Night was just closing in upon the twilight. They laid aside their coats and hats. Here was a situation in the methodical existence of Lawrence Holcombe, real estate and bond broker, representative business man of unquestionable habits and social position! Fighting with a professional tough in a gully in a squalid settlement for the daughter of an Irish washerwoman!

The combat was a short one. If it had lasted longer, Holcombe would have lost, for both his wind and his science had deteriorated from long lack of training. Therefore, he forced the fighting from the start. It is difficult to say to what he owed his victory over the once champion middleweight. One thing in his favor was that Mr. Conlan's nerve and judgment had been somewhat shattered by the effects of a recent spree. Another must have been that Holcombe was stimulated to supreme exertion by an absorbing incentive to win—a prompting more powerful than the instinct of the gladiator, deeper than all the motives of gallantry, and more important than the vital influence of love itself. A third fortuitous adjunct was, without doubt, a chance blow upon the projecting chin of the middleweight, under which that warrior sank to the gully's grime and remained incapable, while Holcombe stood above him and leisurely counted him out.

Danny got shakily to his feet, and proved to be a true sport.



"You're all right," he said. "But if we'd had it by rounds 'twould have ended different. The girl goes with you, do you see? I'm on the square."

They climbed back to the cottage.

"It's settled," announced Holcombe. "Mr. Conlan removes his objections."

"That's straight," said Danny. "He's all right."

Holcombe had only a scratched and slightly reddened chin from a vicious, glancing uppercut from Danny's left. Danny showed punishment. One eye was nearly closed. His lip was bleeding.

Katie was a true woman. Such do not at once crown the victor in the tourney for their favor. Pity comes first. The victor must wait for his own. It will come to him. She flew to the vanquished champion and comforted him, ministering to his bruises. Holcombe stood, serene and smiling, without jealousy.

"To-morrow," he said to Katie, with head erect and beaming eyes.

"To-morrow, if you like," answered Katie.

Holcombe minced his precarious way up the ragged hill among the obsolete tinware. His car came along a-glitter with electric lights and jammed with passengers. He jumped to the rear platform and stood there. At his side he found Weatherly, a friend and neighbor, who had also built a house in the suburbs, a few squares from his own.

"Hello, Holcombe," yelled Weatherly, above the crash of the car. "Been looking over some real estate out here? How're Mrs. Holcombe and the young H's?"

"First rate," shouted Holcombe, "when I left home this morning. How's the family with you?"

"Oh, only-so-so. Usual suburban troubles. Servants won't stay so far out; tradesmen object to delivering goods in the country; cars break down, etc. What's pleasing you so? Made a lucky deal to-day?"

Holcombe's face wore an ecstatic look. He was fingering a little scratch on his chin with one hand. He leaned his head towards Weatherly's ear.

"Say, Bob, do you remember that Irish girl, Katie Flynn, that was with the Spaffords so long a time?"

"I've heard of her," said Weatherly. "They say she stayed a year with them without a single day off. But I don't believe any fairy story like that."

"'Twas a fact. Well, I engaged her to-day for a cook. She's going out to the house to-morrow."

"Confound you for a lucky dog," shouted Weatherly, with envy in his tones and his heart, "and you live four blocks further out than we do!"

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HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

SUGGESTIONS FOR UNTRAINED WOMEN WHO WISH TO MAKE A LIVING OR ADD TO THEIR INCOME.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE proposes to print *practical* suggestions for women who wish to make money. An announcement regarding accepted suggestions will be found on page four of the advertisements. The editors will be glad to hear from any one contemplating a trial of the suggestions published in this department and to pay for accepted contributions

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

ALL interesting items relating to this department, received before July 15th, will be noted in the September number. Letters should be addressed to the Editor, "Money" Department, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, 88 East Ninth Street, New York.

We have on our list the names of a large number of gentlewomen who are eager for the chance to work, and the sympathy of a helping hand. Some are themselves the family breadwinners, while others are struggling to help the head-of-the-house who has been unfortunate; some are perforce self-supporting; some are invalids whose hearts would be cheerful could their fingers help relieve the family strain; some are struggling to obtain educations for their children, or for themselves; others, timid and reserved, unused to battling with the world, are suddenly left penniless. To many inquirers we have supplied the names and addresses of women who are prepared to make the articles enumerated in our list published last May. We shall be glad to hear still further from prospective buyers or employers, in any part of the world. We reprint, with a few additions, the list referred to.

Fancy Articles — Battenberg Laces
Hand-made Tatted Night Robes and Infants' Dresses
Plain Hemstitching
Aprons
Knit Washrags
Cloth Dolls and Animals
All Kinds of Needlework
Tatting
White and Silk Embroidery
Princess Lace Work
Mending of China and Glass
Needle-point Lace
Battenberg Doilies and Centrepieces
Modern Lace Collars, Handkerchiefs, etc.
Shawls
Children's Night Robes
Household Wares
Children's Balls
Knit Edging and Mats
Infants' Clothes by Hand
All Kinds of Lace
Art Embroidery
Drawn Work
Fine Knitting of All Kinds
Duchess Braid Lace
Point Lace Handkerchiefs
Embroidery
Crocheting
Pumpkins and Mince Pies
Jumbles and Cakes
Renaissance Lace
Buttonholes
Care of Small Children
City Guides
Millinery
Fishing Flies
Demonstrators
Wild Flowers for Schools and Colleges
Old-fashioned Housekeepers
Writing at Home

In the June number will be found the names and addresses of several who have already supplied some of these demands.

Mrs. S. W. Houston, 247 E. Main Street, Somerville, N. J., has started the business of ripping, cleaning and pressing garments.

One of our subscribers has spent two years in embroidering a vase full of wild flowers, to be framed to hang on the wall. The work is worth $200, and she is anxious to sell it.

Mrs. Hester M. Hawley, of Vine Valley, New York, read the suggestion on the care of children, in our March issue, and has decided to adapt it to her use. She will give motherly care to a number of children at her home on Canandaigua Lake.

Mrs. Clarendon Bangs, 206 East Anderson Street, Savannah, Ga., writes that she has been looking for a "Visiting Nurse," as described in the June number of EVERYBODY'S, and thinks it a most excellent plan, especially in the South. She adds, "If a 'nurse' begins here in Savannah, I *want* to know it." Here is a chance for a woman to obtain a start; who will accept it?

Miss A. Williams, of Mendham, N. J., has undertaken to make "fishing flies." We have received a large number of inquiries about "Fly-making." This suggestion has brought in by far the greatest number of letters; but to master the art is apparently quite difficult.

Miss Ada E. Chapin, 44 Allen Street, Springfield, Mass., will be glad to hear from any woman wishing to place her wares on sale. Miss Chapin has conceived the excellent plan of collecting at her home a variety of articles from women who desire to earn money, and of sending them to different resorts to sell. We trust to be able to help Miss Chapin enlarge this splendid idea, which is already in practice, for the benefit of all our readers.

OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN

THE following titles show plans which have been outlined in previous numbers of the Magazine, and which may be of interest to our new readers.

September, 1901

A Private Librarian
Cleaning Women's Shoes

October

Training Little Housewives
Story Telling as a Profession

November

Bachelor's Mending
Shopping Classes
Polishing Silver and Brasses
The Passe-partout that Will Sell

December

Business Luncheon Service
Home Care of Pets
Grinding Scissors and Knives
A Private Library

January, 1902

Mending China and Bric-a-brac
A Maid Substitute
A Professional Packer
Company or Emergency Maid
Observation Classes in Housekeeping

February

Women as Guides
A Hotel "Assistant" Guest
Magazine and Music Exchange

March

Entertainment and Care of Small Children
Palmistry
Small Livery
Preparing for Dressmakers
The Travelling Milliner
Professional Bathing
Apron Making
Amateur Photography
Reading to Convalescents
The Modern Basket Maker

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April

Newspaper Collections	Sewing Class for Girls
Demonstrators	The Care of Lawns
A Dentist's Solicitor	Flies Made to Order
A Novel Shopping Plan	A Paradise Inn

May

Caretaker of Graves	Wild Flowers
Home Laundry	Work Wanted

June

An Amateur Baker	The Care of Plants
Profitable Gardening	Butter and Eggs
Entertainments for Children	A Woman Upholsterer
A Visiting Nurse	A Visiting Chiropodist
Baby Lingerie	Polishing Golf Irons

July

The Children's Club	Convalescent Children
Blue Cloth Photographs	An Innovator

FUDGE MAKING FOR A LIVING.

IT may seem frivolous and impractical to people who do not know the immense amount of money Americans invest in confectionery in the course of a year, but it has been proved that just this one branch of the candy business, fudge-making, can be made to pay a good profit. It is a business that a woman can do at home and it will not require all her time. But the fudge must be the best; it must be made promptly and carefully delivered; and, what will seem hard to many women, there is a business end to it which requires attention and much perseverance and where there may be many disappointments. The hard thing here as in all lines of business is to work up the market; but with a good article this can be done.

To show how the fudge business can be carried on it will be best to give a practical illustration of what two women have already done even in New York where, it is true, they have a larger market than in a small town, but where they also have more competition, for all the best confectioners in the world send their sweetmeats to the metropolis.

It was entirely by accident that this business was begun. In the first place the family hardly knew what fudge was. One day, after an illness, the mother had a craving for something sweet and was told by her physician that she might have fudge, which was absolutely pure. A young neighbor brought in some of the dainty and the next day was invited by the delighted recipient of the gift to show her how it was made. So she learned to make it, and was most successful at the first trial.

It was during the following Summer, at a small family hotel in the country, that the first step in the business was made. Starting on a secret shopping expedition, she brought back some mysterious packages and soon a delicious odor of cooking chocolate stole through the house. The mystery of the packages and odor was solved when the fudge lover appeared from her room with a big dish of fudge which she offered to the guests. They were delighted and the next day she made more. Then began a fudge furor in the hotel, and it spread to neighboring places.

People would not accept it as a gift and finally begged as a favor that they might be allowed to pay for it. The successful cook consented, the new business flourished, and Summer people drove four and five miles to buy fudge. During the two weeks of their stay at the hotel the daughter made $15 or $20.

When the family went home they carried the memory of this new venture, and the daughter, who has a clear business head, made a proposition. Wouldn't it be a good idea if she tried to place fudge in some of the department stores? Mother and daughter thereupon visited one of the large stores with samples of fudge nicely put up in little boxes, and left them with the buyer to try. When they called again they were given a sample order for twenty-five pounds. The large order was as satisfactory as the samples had been, and the same shop has been buying fudge from the family ever since; and before she was married the young girl had made $400 clear to put into her trousseau.

It will be of practical assistance to anyone attempting anything of this kind to know that in cooking their first large order a mistake was made. No amount larger than two and a half pounds had been made before. This time they tried two lots of eight pounds each, failed with both of them, and lost their material. They say now that they would know how to put a lot like this back in the kettle, thin it with a little cream and so save the materials. That is one of the things to be learned by experience. After that they never made the fudge in more than five-pound lots; they do not believe that it can be made in larger quantities and still have the delicate, creamy consistency which has made their fudge such a success.

They took it to another department store. After three months they were given a sixty-pound sample order, and their fudge was placed here as well. Sixty pounds is the largest order they ever receive at a time. Since then they sell their fudge in several different places, but it is not generally known, for many of the stores have their own candy manufactories.

From the one recipe for chocolate fudge first given them, the mother and daughter have evolved others until now they make five kinds,—chocolate, vanilla, maple, nut, and fruit fudge made with candied fruits. They use the very best materials,—table butter, cream, sugar, vanilla and chocolate.

They are able to buy these articles at wholesale price, though they cannot obtain the discount given to large manufacturers. Milk costs them little, though they pay the full retail price for cream; and they buy the best vanilla by the gallon. They sell their fudge for thirty cents a pound, and calculate that this is a profit of fifty per cent., not counting the time and labor. During four months that the daughter was away, the mother, working alone, estimated that she made $175, giving perhaps two hours each morning for three days in the week. Both say they are positive that if one could market all the fudge she could make, she could realize considerably more than $25 a week, and work only mornings.

They have not cared to enlarge the field of their work as they would if they were dependent upon the money. They had an opportunity to place their fudge with the railroads but that meant such a great amount of work, with the extra expense of buying and filling boxes, that they would not take it. They take now only what orders come to hand.

Fudge is one of the most difficult confections to make properly, for it requires much experience and judgment to bring it to the proper consistency. If it is not just right, putty and lead are not to be compared to it. It is also difficult to keep, though now they have learned to keep it fresh for a week. It must also be handled with care, and delivered personally; it would be ruined by the rough handling of an expressman. After blocking it they put it between sheets of tin, protected with oiled paper, tie it in small packages, and carry it themselves. This is a small thing, but the success of the business depends upon small things.

M. A. TAFT.

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REPAIRING TOYS.

AN enterprising woman might in a short time make a fair income by repairing dolls and their clothing, and toys of various kinds. She would make her business more profitable, it seems to me, in a city or large town.

C. C. TREADWELL.

SHAKER CLOAKS.

THE seeker in city shops, great and small, for a sleeveless cloak which is good of material, simple of shape, careful of make, long enough to cover the gown, warm enough to serve as a Winter wrap without other outer garment—searches in vain. "Old lady capes" there are—depressing things, trimmed with jet or cheap fur, or dingy dusty folds of silk or velvet. And there are handsome wraps beautifully and elaborately trimmed, and there are "waterproofs." But the simple garment (of the price of $18 to $25) does not now exist. It can be obtained, however, in a wonderfully becoming though simple shape at the Shaker communities in America. It is the "Shaker cloak" adopted by the founders of this religious sect over a hundred years ago. It has never since that day varied in shape. Shaker women have worn it made from the blue or butternut homespun of their own manufacture; but since "the world's people" have bought these cloaks and found them good, the Shakeresses manufacture a few from worldly stuffs. An establishment in the city for making these cloaks, if properly advertised and started, would be most profitable. A few sample cloaks—a white broadcloth for an opera wrap, a black cloth for an "old lady cape," a scarlet or green cloth for golf, and ample samples of cloths of best qualities and different weights, would necessitate but a single show room. These cloaks are charmingly picturesque for children. Much of the work could be given out, and no sweat-shop prices need be paid. These cloaks would fill such a constant want that I am confident of their being profitable, and would not hesitate to place capital in such an enterprise were capital needed, but it is not.

M. PITMAN.

A BARGAIN COUNTER.

HERE is a very good way for a woman who has but little capital to secure quick and sure returns. Send to manufacturers of prints, mulls, and fine muslins, for remnants. These sometimes come crushed in barrels or boxes, and at a very small cost. They can be pressed and sold at a low price and yet give good profits. I know of two women who are carrying this business on with great success. They sell both at wholesale and at retail.

E. E. W.

SWEET HERBS.

TO the woman who possesses an "old-fashioned" garden with the row of sage, thyme, summer savory, sweet marjoram and parsley, if there is also a moist corner where mint is growing—or would grow by sowing a few seeds or planting some roots,—a steady income could be assured.

Most butchers would be glad to supply, and the housekeeper more than glad to get, the proper bouquet of herbs delivered with the meat, poultry or game for dinner.

Mint is especially good with lamb, but it is often difficult to obtain, even in the dry state, which is not to be compared with its delicious flavor when it is first taken from its moist bed.

The original outlay would be very small, and as the plants really care for themselves after they become established, whatever price one received would seem to be all pure gain.

By securing orders from several butchers, a "handkerchief garden" would cover a multitude of small household expenses.

"This plan is well worth a trial," is the verdict of a butcher.

M. E. ANABLE.

INVALID COOKERY.

A WOMAN could earn a good living in a fashionable health resort if she would open a small shop for the sale of invalid cookery, making a specialty of beef tea, clam broth, and kumyss. It requires an intelligent and conscientious woman to prepare such articles, for the ingredients must be of the best quality and will be expensive even when purchased in large quantities, but the remuneration will justify the outlay, and when she is once established the medical profession will recommend her to their patients, who often find it impossible to secure these articles, properly prepared, at their hotels or boarding houses.

H. E.

A GENERAL TRAVELLING COMPANION.

EVERY railroad should employ for its coaches a Ladies' Companion, whose duty should be to seek the timid, lonely, or sick woman traveller, and to show her that she is ever ready to be responsive to her demands, whether it be for conversation, or for medical treatment. Many a woman, endowed with money and a desire to see the world and the things thereof, but with not enough income to employ a travelling-companion, would hail with delight such an adjunct to the pleasures of travel. Nothing is a greater tax on the nerves of a timid woman than to feel herself alone in a crowd. To be met at the coach door by a smiling sister woman, strong in her sympathies for those less strong physically than herself, to be made to feel that at short intervals she would be blessed by her kindly attention, or, that, in case of sudden illness, there is one present who will be responsive to her call—these things would entirely eradicate from her mind all fear of lonely travel and permit her to make it, what travel should be to all, a health-giving and pleasurable enjoyment. Such an introduction would be a fine paying investment for railroads, as you will frequently hear ladies say that they would travel often if it were not so lonely. By all means let us have on railroad coaches that which is necessary to the comfort of the timid traveller, a Woman's General Travelling-Companion. What woman will undertake to prove to the railroads the value of this suggestion?

MRS. EVELINE SPOONER SHULTZ.

THE OILING OF FLOORS.

(Work for Muscular Woman.)

MRS. GORDON was at her wits' end to devise some scheme whereby she might earn considerable extra money. She could not sew or do any of the things women do to earn money. She was muscular and strong, but it was impossible for her to leave her family to take a position where such strength would be required. One day a friend told her how nicely her German girl had stained and oiled her kitchen and bath-room floors. "And, my dear, I am going to take up the dining-room carpet and have that floor done too; it is so much cleaner; we just wipe them

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every week with a soft cloth wrung out of tepid water, and about every six weeks have them oiled again. The floor should be freshly washed and dry, of course, before starting to oil. Gretchen simply slipped an old dress skirt over her other clothes, put on an old pair of kid gloves (though rubber ones would be better) and it took her only three-quarters of an hour to do the entire kitchen floor, a large one as you know. The stain must be rubbed in hard by hand; it must not be applied with a brush—that will ruin the entire effect; it must be applied with a good-sized clean cloth, cotton or woollen, but rub, rub, rub, if you want a good result. Without carefully observing these simple rules your work is wasted."

"What is this marvellous compound?" asked Mrs. Gordon.

"It is boiled linseed oil, mixed with cherry red paint—not stain remember, but paint—to give it the right color. One-fourth of a fifteen-cent can of cherry red mixed thoroughly with one pint of boiled linseed oil, is the right proportion; that ought to do a ten by twelve room."

"I think I will make a business of it," said the muscular woman."

"Be sure to try the stuff first on a clean board in order to get the right shade; some people like quite a deep red and others like it paler; you must not forget the fact that the floors may be walked upon as soon as the oiling is done and that you must rub hard."

When Mrs. Gordon's friend called again she was greeted by a very smiling woman, who explained the cause of her apparent happiness.

"It is all due to your excellent advice. I have been oiling floors, as I said I would, and everyone is delighted at being able to make a pretty, cleanly, artistic room out of a dusty place covered with carpet. I have about all I can do. Last week I earned $12. It is so easy—simply child's play to me."

"But tell me, how did you begin?"

"Well, I stated my plan to the housewife, then begged to be allowed to oil a bathroom or closet floor, free of charge, as a sample of the work; it brought me one or more rooms to do every time. Of course the floors must be newly washed for me, and absolutely dry before I begin. I furnish my own material, mixing it at home, and I carry it about in bottles in a satchel. I pour it into any old tin or bowl the family happens to have, always stirring well. For a room about twelve by fifteen I charge $2.50 for the first application, but at the end of six weeks I ask but $1.25, and that is all I ask for the future: larger and smaller rooms in proportion. All my friends are telling people of it, and I receive quite a large mail every day. It's a success by all means, and I wonder no woman ever attempted it before."

And the writer wonders too, for she knows how easy it is.

LAURA LAVENDER.

The writer of the above article will be glad to hear of anyone who undertakes this work in New York City, as she would like to employ her.

SUGGESTIONS.

A TACTFUL woman can aid housekeepers in the overwhelming question of domestic help by this method:

1. Let her take from the daily papers a list of "help wanted."

2. Let her write these advertisers that she will call on them and learn just what kind of a servant is required and the fullest particulars regarding wages, duties, etc., and let her tell her prospective "customer" that she will personally visit the different intelligence offices, interview the prospective help, settle all details and make the engagement; and for this service she will charge one dollar, or, in many cases, a larger sum would be paid for a satisfactory servant. In other words, let her take the responsibility of procuring good help and of looking up references and settling all details. The worried housekeeper will appreciate this assistance and a pleased "customer" would add many to your list, and eventually a large clientele could be established.

Probably the best way would be to have a little circular printed for mailing to all who advertised for help, and in this case particular stress should be laid on the fact that you would personally investigate and interview all help, with the idea of supplying the right servant in the right place. You would not necessarily find your patrons amongst the wealthy; the woman whose husband has a fair income, who keeps but one servant, and whose children demand her time, cannot get around for days to visit intelligence offices. Your services would be most valuable to her. After awhile put a modest advertisement in the column of some daily paper, and you will find many desperate housekeepers writing to you for aid.

Later, you will find that you acquire an acquaintance amongst the intelligence offices, and some will gladly pay you for your influence upon your clients—that is for obtaining your help from them when they have what is suitable. Later, get acquainted with some respectable colored family having relatives in a near-by Southern place, and write there telling that good girls can find places in the North. You will find many who will pay their expenses in coming from their homes, if well recommended.

The foregoing is only the ground-work of the plan, which may be developed into a self-sustaining business, by a bright woman who will conscientiously take up the hardest burden of the modern housekeeper, and help her carry it.

In my household, when it is necessary for the intelligence offices to be visited, we telephone to a working-woman's home and hire some educated girl (usually a stenographer who is out of employment) "to scour the city" for the right kind of a servant, and *it has been a success* when repeated advertising and personal visits have failed.

Of course if you can put a few good reference names on your circular, your start will be more rapid, as confidence will at once be inspired.

MRS. FREELAND JEWETT.

MONEY IN FROGS.

BECAUSE of their patience, determination, application and painstaking care, women should be foremost in one particular industry, that of rearing animals of various kinds, either to be used as pets or for food or fur.

Women from country places and interior towns, attracted to the nearest large city by the possibility of finding employment, would far better remain at home and make a specialty of some enterprise for which they are eminently fitted. Conducted in some quiet place, away from the mad bustle and strife of city life, they have ample time for household duties and leisure: are exempt from insults bickerings and domineering employers; the work is not arduous, and when conducted on a large scale the heavy labor can be performed by the men of the lamily, or by those hired for the purpose.

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Raising frogs is no work at all, and suitable land—wet and swampy, or land surrounding a pond,—usually can be used for nothing else.

By having proper buildings, they can be marketed when high prices rule. Frogs' legs are always in demand, frequently at surprisingly large prices, as they are considered a great delicacy.

MRS. WM. H. MARTIN.

SELLING HERB SEEDS.

A HUNDRED years ago the scant advertisements of the little weekly sheets which then filled the place of our vast newspapers always contained a few notices of fresh stocks of seeds and bulbs for sale by seedswomen, who seem generally to have been widows, as well as snuff sellers and bonnet-makers.

I would make for women today an adaptation of the seed-shop of old by selling the very seeds sold of old. There is today a wonderful demand for the seeds of old-fashioned flowers and herbs. It is almost impossible to secure, even in England, ample store of seeds of old pot-herbs and Shakespeare's "nose-herbs," rosemary, rue, dill, fennel, lavender, burnet, borage, comfrey, lovage, sweet cicely, costmary, sweet basil, balm, are obsolete here. Even southernrood and ambrosia are hard to obtain. People are eager to plant herb-gardens like that of Erasmus: "Nothing here but sweet herbs, and choice ones too, and every kind in a bed by itself." Shakespeare gardens also demand herbs. If to the herbs are added old-fashioned roses, such as the blush rose, the damask rose, the York and Lancaster, the fairy rose, the cabbage rose, the musk rose, Little Burgundy, and Burnet-leaved rose (all so difficult to obtain) the income could be doubled.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

Some woman who knows of an old-time garden could put this knowledge to good use.

WHIST TEACHING.

THE suggestion of whist teaching as a means of livelihood for women is not a new one, but owing to the popularity of Duplicate Whist throughout the country, there is an unsatisfied and growing demand for competent instructors, especially in the smaller cities and towns.

Every large city has its whist instructors who teach in the cities in Winter and at the fashionable resorts in Summer, busy the year round. Their incomes are frequently very large.

These teachers are constantly besieged by requests to visit the smaller cities, but as their time is fully taken up, there is no incentive for them to do so; the writer knows this fact from many years' experience as a whist teacher.

By forming instruction classes of from twelve to twenty pupils, a teacher can easily earn from $3 to $5 for a two-hours' lesson, and from $1 to $2 per lesson is generally paid for private instruction. Practice classes of from twenty to forty players can also be formed and will net $5 per season of twenty-six weeks for each player. In the larger cities the practice classes frequently contain fifty to sixty members. Some teachers restrict their instruction classes to four persons, and charge $1 per lesson for each.

A competent teacher in a medium-sized city or town should easily be able to clear $75 to $100 per month, and from this there is no loss, as tuition fees are always paid in advance.

No capital is required, except possibly the cost of a set of Duplicate Whist trays, and even that is not absolutely necessary, as the pupils usually furnish their own trays and cards. Anyone of ordinary ability can master the game of whist with a few weeks' study and constant practice, so with any natural ability to impart information to others, a woman soon can begin to earn something as a teacher, with constant improvement from experience gained day by day.

The task is a pleasant one, as whist students are usually people of refinement, and the classes are generally formed among friends and acquaintances, thus making the party a congenial one.

It is a common practice for whist clubs and hostesses to employ a whist teacher to take entire charge of their entertainment or whist parties, thus allowing the hostess to participate in the play; this forms another source of remuneration.

There is also a great demand for women teachers from the larger Summer and Winter hotels, and contracts should be made in advance.

LUCY BLACKBURN.

Miss Blackburn has recently published a series of simple whist instructions which she will be glad to send, without charge, to any woman wishing to undertake this work. Please enclose stamp when addressing MISS LUCY BLACKBURN, 30 East 12th St., Covington, Kentucky.

ARTISTIC DARNING.

MOST of us are familiar with the homely art of darning hosiery, but when it comes to fine laces and sheer lawn, to say nothing of the numerous other dainty materials, our fingers are apt to turn to thumbs. And how often, when we glance at a pretty frock, we see an ugly spot staring at us—a spot that by skilful hands might be rendered invisible.

It is my opinion that this profession, if I may use the term, could be made very lucrative, and it would not come amiss to name the craft "Artistic Darning."

L. R. D.

BAKING POWDER.

AS a means of earning a livelihood I suggest the making and sale of Baking Powder. Any woman who has access to a retail grocer's store, a good Woman's Exchange, or who has friends who will recommend her to their friends, can do it. I have a most excellent recipe by which I have for years made my own at about one-third the cost of the best on the market. I will give this recipe to any woman who will write me (enclosing return postage) saying that she wishes to use it for the purpose above stated.

MRS. ANNIE G. BROWN.
No. 4459 Delmar Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

FINE LAUNDERING.

COMPARATIVELY few women know how to launder their doilies, centrepieces, fine handkerchiefs and laces, and in the hands of the ordinary laundress the pretty embroideries, fine drawn-work and dainty lace are soon robbed of their beauty, if not utterly destroyed.

Here is a field for the energetic woman who wants to make money. Such work is really pleasant and dainty, the pure soaps required, and the careful washing, being safeguards against rough and calloused hands.

LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE.

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CUSTOMS AND COSTUMES OF THE FRENCH WATERING PLACES.

TROUVILLE AND HAVRE AT THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON.

THERE is a slight hush in the fashionable Paris world, after Grand Prix has rung down the curtain on the Paris season. The elegantes pause to draw breath before plunging into the swirling waters of the Summer circuit, but the breathing time is short. A few quiet days, a few final visits to the dressmakers and milliners who furnish feminine ammunition for the Summer campaign, a closing of town houses,—and then ho, for Trouville!

For the French woman of fashion, the Summer circuit means a round of the watering places, beginning with Trouville and ending with Ostend. There are Parisiennes who, for various reasons, spend their Summers at country houses within easy reach of Paris, but they are the exceptions. With a vast majority of the class that goes to make Parisian society and Parisian fashion the country-house season does not begin until after Ostend has had its innings and the day of the dog and gun is at hand.

The Summer programme is unvarying and closely follows the programme of the racing events. First comes Trouville, then Deauville, Etretat, Havre, Dieppe, Boulogne-sur-mer, Lion-sur-mer and Ostend. The first four or five resorts are more essentially French in tone than those that come later, and Trouville and Havre are the most exclusively French of all the list. Americans throng into Etretat and Dieppe and even into exclusive, beautiful little Lion-sur-mer. With Dieppe, the English, Austrian, Russian and other contingents swell the crowd. But Trouville is of the French Frenchy and opens the season with a verve.

TROUVILLE, FRENCH OF THE FRENCH.

A popular French seashore resort must be seen to be appreciated. No American whose knowledge and theories of seaside customs is limited to an acquaintance with Atlantic Coast resorts can have the slightest conception of seaside life in a French translation.

There is, in the latter, a spice, a color, an audacity lacking in the Anglo-Saxon version. An English or American imitation of Trouville would be hopelessly vulgar, but Trouville—well, it is Trouville. It is all bubble, sparkle, brilliancy, gayety, extravagance. It is Paris, with an added *laisser aller*, Paris with a stage-setting of blue sea and white sand and dazzling sunlight. There is much to shock the sober-minded as there is in Paris, but what would electrify the whole beach at Newport, Narragansett, even Atlantic City, will not raise a ripple of excitement or interest at Trouville. Someone has said that the difference between smart society in New York and in Paris is the difference between the immoral and unmoral. The French seashore life, in its most exaggerated phase, is distinctly unmoral, but like Paris life it is unquestionably picturesque. Possibly the most shocking thing about Gallic impropriety is the fact that in its own environment it fails to shock, and the sternest of moralists, after a few weeks in France, is prone to develop an invertebrate tolerance.

But when one talks of morals one is taking Trouville seriously, and to take Trouville seriously is altogether out of the question. It is all froth and effervescence.

There are good hotels at Trouville and they are always full during the short season when the races are on and the gayest element of Parisian society is in evidence; but the hyper-swell visitors have their own villas. A staff of servants has been sent on before the beginning of the season, the villa is in order to receive its owners and their guests. It is opened for the two weeks. Then, once more, it is empty, dark, forlorn. The ménage has moved on to the next stop in fashion's circuit.

Many Parisians own villas, more or less imposing, at six or seven of the seaside resorts and occupy each in its turn, sometimes, as in the case of Boulogne-sur-mer, only for three or four days.

Eleven o'clock is the magic hour that opens the ball at Trouville. Before that, at ten, there is, possibly, the private pigeon-shoot, but that calls out only a small clique, and takes in one of the most exclusive sets of Europe. No entrance here for the rank and file even of the fashionable world and no open sesame for folk whom the haughty dames of the French aristocracy do not put on their visiting lists. If Monsieur and Madame appear together anywhere at Trouville, it is at the pigeon-shoot. But at eleven o'clock all the hotel doors and the doors of the villas fly open and out flock all the somebodies and a choice assortment of nobodies. Every path and road to the beach is filled with a gay throng. The women who intend to go into the water or to wear fetching bathing costumes at a safe distance from the waves, dress in their own rooms and issue cloaked and hatted and followed by maids. The maid is an essential feature of the scenic effect. She carries anything that may be needed and then she gives cachet to her mistress. There is a theory that she represents the proprieties. It is quite improper to go to the beach without a maid and so every Parisienne, no matter how lurid her reputation or how startling her attire, goes beachward with her maid trotting demurely at her heels.

ON THE BEACH OR IN THE WATER.

On the beach, the crowd separates into three distinct lines or layers. Down on the wet sand, near the creeping foam, are the folk who intend going in. Higher up, quite out of reach of the water, are the women who have donned the most elaborate and coquettish of bathing costumes and would shriek at the idea of exposing the cherished garments to salt water. Still farther back are the promenaders, men and women who have come down merely to see the show and meet each other. As for the actual bathers, one does not see them at all. The close row of bathing machines or cars ranged along the shallow water effectually shuts off from view every one in the water, and to see that group one must go into the water one's self.

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ARMAND

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Right here, the conservative American bather is likely to receive a shock other than that given by his first plunge into the water. Some conventional and serviceable bathing suits are worn, but it is a very common thing for the Frenchwoman to bathe in tights and trunks much such as are worn by the men. She wears them only in the water and the thing is not quite so bad as it sounds, for the use of the bathing machines does away with any spectacular exhibition. Even those women who wear the skirt and blouse suits wear tights in place of the bloomers accepted on this side of the water. Dark tights made in one with the stockings are used and are unquestionably more comfortable than the gartered stockings and full bloomers.

But it is on the Plage, the sands of a French resort, that one receives an education in bathing costumes. Here more than any place else in the world, the bathing suit is a toilette item to which infinite care and thought have been given. On the Plage at Trouville one finds the most delicate, the most daring, the most elaborate things ever devised under the name of bathing suits. Even here, many women of good taste cling to dark blue and black, preferably the latter, and this is particularly the case if the suits are to be worn for actual service. No light color comes triumphantly through the ordeal of a plunge and looks well when its wearer leaves the water. Fine mohair or sicilienne has literally elbowed flannel aside as bathing suit material and very few wool serges are worn by smart women, although, if from considerations of health one must wear wool, serge in fine quality is preferable to flannel because it is not so heavy when wet and does not cling so distressingly.

FASHIONS FOR THE SANDS AND WATER.

This season, more than ever before, silk has been the popular thing for bathing costumes practical and ornamental. It has always been much used in France for the non-water-proof suits displayed on the sands; but improvement in the quality of the wash silks has made them thoroughly practicable for bathing wear. The silk is even lighter than mohair, sheds the water quite as well, does not cling badly, and admits of more elaboration than any other material used for the purpose. The silk blouses are almost invariably tucked and treated with hand work. Here, as all through the field of fashion, hand embroidery and ornamentation are preeminently the mode. A black silk bathing suit may have its broad collar, its band trimmings, its scarf of light blue, hand embroidered in a bold design of black and white. A dark blue silk is trimmed in broad bands of white wash taffeta embroidered in scarlet poppies and stitched down with scarlet silk, while the scarf and sash are of scarlet silk. Black and white or white and black have been as popular in bathing suits as in all costumes, and in suits intended only for the sands the fad for all white has shown itself conspicuously, though there have been more white bathing suits with touches of black, bright red, baby blue or green in the stitchings and embroidery. Light blue, in either mohair or silk, has found many wearers and all red suits in vivid shades have given brilliancy to the groups on the sands. Pongee has been used quite extensively, especially for the serviceable bathing suits and will probably be still more popular next season.

The broad collar is not so inevitable a feature of the French bathing suit as it is of the American article. Many French women consider a round or square-cut décolletage more becoming than the low, collarless dickey or the V-shaped opening of a sailor collar without a dickey.

Many of the French bathing skirts as well as the blouses are tucked, the tucks being laid vertically around the hips and running down half-way to the knees where the fulness is left to flare. Other skirts, fitted smoothly over the hips, have a flaring shaped flounce, but this model looks better on the sands than it does after a wetting and, on the whole, the gored skirt, cut to flare, fulled very slightly to the waistband, and trimmed with embroidered or stitched bands, is the most satisfactory bathing skirt.

Every French woman wears loose canvas bathing corsets, slightly boned, and scorns a shapeless ready-made suit.

The cloaks worn on the way from hotel to beach vary from soft woolen materials, simply made, to stunning garments of silk; and, in this regard, American women could well imitate their French sisters. It is the exceptional American girl who considers a bathing cloak necessary to a seaside wardrobe; yet a dry, long, becoming robe, thrown on when one comes limp and dripping from the water, would add materially to the attractiveness of any nymph. A wet bathing suit is not becoming. There's no getting around that mournful fact.

For the beach gown that makes no pretence of a connection with the water, linon has been a favored material this Summer, but piqué, batiste, lawn and mousseline have been greatly in evidence, while voile, canvas, louisine cloth, pongee and taffeta maintain the popularity won in Paris earlier in the season. Nothing is too dainty, too elaborate for the morning hour on the beach, but, with a view to the eternal fitness of things, the more filmy, diaphanous frocks are laid aside until afternoon, and fabrics less prone to limpness are used for the Plage promenade. Taffeta and louisine costumes have been particularly popular this season and have been worn by many of the Parisiennes who are most famed for their toilettes. All-white costumes of taffeta, strapped and stitched or trimmed with heavy lace, have been among the most chic of the morning frocks, and taffeta in all the delicate shades has been used for the same purpose. One of the frocks sketched for this article is a taffeta beach costume designed by Armand. It is carried out in creamy pink taffeta, printed in white flowers. Motifs of ochre guipure are applied in bands on the collar, sleeves and skirt and in lozenges on the blouse front. The lace is outlined by rows of narrow velvet ribbon of pink a shade deeper than the tint of the dress. Tiny gold buttons are used on the blouse, and the waistband is of blue ciel taffeta.

The other beach gown illustrated comes from Stammler and Jeanne and is of delicate green linon trimmed in white braid edged with light blue. The bodice is cut out in arabesques, showing a ground of guipure applied on ivory satin. The skirt has two flounces, the upper one simply trimmed with braid, the lower one of guipure, with applied design of linon to match the bodice.

The linon gown of the season, in most cases, makes no pretence of being a tub gown. It is trimmed with satin, lace, velvet, anything that pleases the designer's fancy, and, on the other hand, many beautiful gowns of lace, voile or silk have batiste or linon trimmings. One very chic development of the simple linon frock turned out by a great house was of white linon with its flounce, collar and basque bordered by large sprawling flowers worked by hand in soft-lined wools.

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SELECT RACES—DINNERS—ARISTOCRATS AT THE CASINO.

After the bathing hour is past, at Trouville, all the gay crowd disappears once more into the hotels and villas. The beach is utterly deserted by the ultra-smart set during the rest of the day, though a crowd of would-bes flocks to the sands in the afternoon.

The fashionable women make their toilettes for déjeuner, and after the déjeuner pour out upon the verandahs, arrayed in their most ravishing costumes. Automobiles, coaches, smart traps of every sort are in waiting. Madame enters the one that is to have the honor of harboring her mousseline and silk and lace. She draws her fluttering echarpe around her shoulders, lifts her exquisite sunshade, scatters smiles and gay words among her friends. She is off to the races.

Not even at Auteuil, Chantilly or the Grand Prix can one see more superb and extravagant costuming than in the Pesage at Trouville. These are no bookmakers' races. The horses belong to private stables and to noble owners. Several famous English women enter their horses for the French seashore races, under their racing titles, which are always masculine. The Trouville races are more like a New York or a Wissahickon Horse Show than a regulation racing event; and, though it is easy to obtain entrance, it is a rather surprising fact that few outsiders join the crowd of swell habitués in the Pesage.

After the races a dinner toilette, a dinner that takes up most of the evening, and an hour or two at the Casino. The Casino ranks as a private club, though everybody gets in. There is no drinking, but "social games" of trente-et-quarante and baccarat are played.

At eleven o'clock the doors close, the lights go out. Supper parties and late hilarity are rather the exception than the rule. The whole place is deserted, dead, until eleven the next morning.

SEASIDE LIFE AT HAVRE.

Havre has a character all its own, because it is the great yachting resort of France. The annual meeting of the French Yacht Club takes place there at the same time as the races, and for a week before the Havre season the Seine is literally full of yachts and launches going towards the rendezvous. Frascati's,—casino, swell hotel, swagger club, the very hub of the Havre season—is crowded to overflowing with the gayest, most fashionable folk of France. Here, at Havre, the French man has his chance. It is hard for a man to look picturesque under any circumstances, but he can come nearer it in yachting clothes than in any other garb, and he works his opportunity to its limit, at Havre.

The military men contribute another enlivening feature to the Havre season that is lacking at the other shore resorts, for the garrison at Havre is a particularly swell one, and a billet there is the ambition of the young soldier who has family and social pretensions. So the place abounds in eminently swagger young officers eligible to the most exclusive sets, and they, with their brother yachtsmen, make the masculine element of the Havre season a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

THE LESS TYPICAL RESORTS.

After Trouville, Havre and the distinctively French events are over, comes Dieppe and its inrush of foreigners. More famous people come together there than anywhere save at Ostend, and Dieppe is a trifle more swell than Ostend. Boulogne-sur-mer is appallingly English, given over to English bank clerks on a holiday, and the tide of fashion surges in there for only three short race days. Last comes Ostend, the general round-up,—and after that the women of the smart set make a flying trip to Paris to lay in dress supplies for the house party and shooting season.

This Summer, costumes have been even more marvellous than usual. Never was there such infinite multiplicity of details, such a wealth of handwork and elaboration as is shown even upon the gowns whose effect is comparatively simple.

SOME COLOR NOTES.

Certain features stand out with special prominence. Among them are the craze for all-white costumes in every and any material, the dominant note of emerald green, particularly in combination with white or white and black, the fad for the écharpe or scarf of gossamer-like mousseline, chiffon, or lace, the combination of several laces in the trimming of one gown, the mania for all lace, which has reached such a height that there is probability of a radical fall from grace this winter, the increasing vogue of orange as a color motif carried into combinations which only a Frenchwoman could attempt with success, the hat trimmings of fruit, currants, cherries, berries, even tiny apples or lemons with their foliage, the picturesque Marquise hats with their wealth of flowers, the new toques, the long plumes curling underneath the lifting side brim and down upon the hair at the back, the extravagant use of hand embroidery, the exaggerated flare and the multitudinous frills and flounces of the skirt bottom—but when one begins to name the season's specialties, the list stretches out endlessly.

Voile has held its own all through the Summer, and shot voile, or voile over color, is as popular as ever. Ecru voile over glace pink or sea-green silk is particularly liked. and black voile over white silk is much worn. Apropos of effects given by silk lining, an idea much favored just now is the using of a changeable or iridescent silk under mousseline or gauze in the stronger shade of the silk. Another lining fancy is the use of black and white striped Pekin silk under black mousseline.

"Fruit reds," as they are called, have grown in favor, and one finds cherry, raspberry, strawberry and even apple red. Linon de soie, or silk mousseline, in one of these reds, made up over white silk, has been worn by several of the best-gowned women on the Summer circuit.

Green is considered very chic, but only as a color motif and not for a predominating color, although experiments have been made in the latter line. Guipure lace is made up effectively over grass-green mousseline and the frills around the skirt bottom are alternately green and white, for the purpose of keeping the green all one tone and not allowing it to deepen by many thicknesses. The same idea can be advantageously carried out with any color.

Triple skirts, each flounce closely fitted, have been more and more in evidence in all materials, but the fashionable skirt clings as closely as ever down to below the knees.

It is too early to prophesy definitely in regard to fall fashions, but one thing has appeared that will, unquestionably, run through the winter. Fur écharpes or scarfs are being worn at the seaside. They are usually in ermine, two and one-half yards long and one-fourth yard wide, and are worn around the shoulders in the regulation 1830 scarf fashion. Many of them are finished on the ends with entre deux of heavy lace.

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STAMMLER & JEANNE

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